

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor.

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We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend circulation among their friends.
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Selections.

The Anti-Slavery Platform.

[The Platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries—including the Western Society, of which The Bugle is the organ—was never more admirably defined than in the following paragraphs, which form the conclusion of the Report of the Seventeenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar. The report was penned by ANNE WARREN WESTON, a woman of rare intellectual endowments and great moral worth, though less widely known than her gifted and accomplished sister, Maria W. Chapman.—Though a strong Calvinist in her religious opinions, yet such is her devotion to the cause of the slave, and such the catholicity of her spirit, that she is willing to labor for his redemption side by side with any man being, whatever may be his creed. This exposition of the relations of the cause to the religious opinions of its members was needed not in Great Britain alone but in this country, and will serve to correct the confused ideas of some well meaning Abolitionists and dissipate the prejudices of some honest opponents of the cause.—Ed. Bugle.]

Before closing, we feel it is not an unsuitable occasion to refer to some circumstances that may connect themselves with our future success. How long it may be our duty to hold this Bazaar, we cannot say; but, while we do so, we would, as far as it may be in our power, preserve its usefulness, by the removal of any misapprehension that may arise in regard to its purposes or the disposition of its funds. We are told that, among some of our friends in Great Britain, an anxiety exists in regard to heretical opinions in religion said to be entertained by the American Anti-Slavery Society, its periodicals, agents, or leading influences; that some persons have ceased their labors for the Bazaar, fearing that its proceeds would be applied to the circulation of infidel opinions. How far such anxieties and fears are attributable to the statements of the pro-slavery churches of this country and their agents, we cannot now stop to inquire. We will state, once for all, the position of the American Anti-Slavery Society, with entire sincerity, and with such clearness as may be in our power.

The American Anti-Slavery Society is based on the doctrine of the sinfulness of slavery under all circumstances, and the consequent duty of immediate and unconditional emancipation. Any person, not a slaveholder, holding these sentiments, may join it. In regard to theological opinions or religious observances, it utters no voice whatever; and touching these matters, all its members are free to hold or promulgate whatever doctrine they may see fit to say that they do not for this purpose make use of the platform or instrumentalities of the Anti-Slavery Society. This Society holds large public meetings, where the fullest discussion of slavery, in all its bearings, is permitted. Slaveholders and pro-slavery men of all sects and parties are freely allowed to enumerate and defend their opinions in the fullest manner,—subject, of course, to the ordinary rules of debate, and with the understanding that the arguments brought forward may be controverted in any manner that the individual abolitionist undertaking to reply shall judge best. In a country where complete suffrage obtains in the State, and the voluntary principle in the Church, this would seem to be the most satisfactory way of carrying forward opinions where final decision rests with the people. The measure of success that we have secured proves the wisdom of this course.

But it is necessary consequence, that the most clashing and heterogeneous opinions touching politics, morals and religion must occasionally and incidentally be introduced. The Society invites all men to its platform on equal terms, Christian and Infidel, Whig and Democrat, male and female, non-resistant and warrior, native and foreigner. Should it marvel or object, if each individual speak in his own language, that which his own social condition, every day associations and mental habits have made natural and appropriate, indeed indispensable to any full and genuine expression of his real mind? It might as well object that a Frenchman spoke French, or a Russian Russ. It is the great blessing and crowning glory of the anti-slavery cause, that it can summon the whole world to its help; but it is idle to suppose that those who obey its call can or will lay aside the diversities of race, condition and creed, that obtain the world over. All that we now claim is, that each man come in sincerity with an earnest desire to abolish slavery by such means as to him seem appropriate. It is the object of any one to advance his own opinions on other subjects, to make the interest of the slave subsidiary to anything else, then do we pronounce the abolitionism of such an one defective, and the moral principle unsound. Doubt not that the general current of public feeling will prevent any special injury from this source. Where a real love for and self-sacrifice in behalf of the cause exist, it is difficult to make a very serious mistake.

We do not deny that a local coloring will necessarily pervade our meetings. Puritanical observances and modes of speech and opinion, will prevail in a Massachusetts meeting, and Quaker ones in a Pennsylvania one. This is in the nature of the case, but the Society is responsible for the action and opinion recorded in its votes. As no one but the members vote, for these they alone are responsible. Neither do we deny that, in regard to the most important subjects, very great differences of opinion may be at times apparent in our meetings, but they appear incidentally, on subjects not germane to the cause, and on which we as an abolition society have no testimony to give. If a slaveholder enter our assembly to declare that the Bible sanctions slavery, those receiving it as a Divine Revelation will defend it from so blasphemous a charge as best they may. If there are others who exclaim, "so much the worse for the Bible," the society incurs no responsibility for them any more than for the others. We are not convened to prove the truth of revelation, but to emancipate the slave; the believer by urging the sanctions and teachings of what is to him the word of God and the guide to salvation; the unbeliever by such arguments as he can draw from other sources.

The same principle obtains in regard to newspapers supported by the funds of the American Society or its auxiliaries. The only ones so supported are the National A. S. Standard, the Pennsylvania Freeman and the Ohio Bugle. The funds of the Boston Bazaar are given almost exclusively to the first, which, as the organ of the Parent Society, and is situated in the city of New York, is regarded as of primary importance. The others are maintained by their State Societies. We have heard no complaint of these, the papers for which we are really responsible, as irresponsible or infidel. Why is the anxiety felt in regard to the paper for which we are not responsible—the Liberator? It is supported from the funds of no society, receives the endorsement of none any further than its anti-slavery character extends, is the sole property of one man, and for its doctrines and maintenance, he, and he alone, is responsible. It is said: "This is true; but as individuals, the American Abolitionists, by their sympathy and subscriptions, give support to the Liberator, and by their expressed love and admiration of its Editor, mark their recognition of him as the leading and guiding influence of the anti-slavery movement."

To the truth of this statement, we joyfully agree. The religious differences that divide some of us from Mr. Garrison sink into insignificance when compared with the great issues on which we agree. What does the man in New York, Henry Long, who was yesterday, as to day's mail informs us, sent back into slavery under the Fugitive Slave Act, care for the creeds, forms, days and observances, about which the nominally Christian world are wasting so much idle breath and valuable feeling? About as much as we do; about as much as they who "cannot work for Mr. Garrison" would do, we opine, were they one hour in his situation, let alone a life-time of bondage. Let us be understood that it is not, anise and cummin.

As for Mr. Garrison's position, it was long since settled, and the voice of friends or foes is comparatively unimportant, but as their decision affects themselves, "They that are wise shall shine as lights in the world, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Disinterestedness, unswerving self-sacrifice, indomitable perseverance in behalf of human rights, the most extreme purity of life and conversation—the light that irradiates from these cannot be quenched by party strife or sectarian bitterness.

It is with regret that we have felt ourselves obliged to go into this explanation. It is only in regard to various inquiries from abroad that we have done so. At this particular crisis, when all false issues and intervening obstacles removed, the abolitionists are free to face with the system of slavery, we should greatly regret that any should turn aside for a mere theological warfare. Under any circumstances, such a controversy would be most distasteful to ourselves, but at the present hour the time so spent would be worse than wasted. Absence of religious dogma is not the want of the United States at the present time. It is in a Protestant country, full of Bibles and evangelized clergymen, that events analogous in atrocity to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the massacre of Glencoe, and similar historical enormities, are being enacted. "The roaring lion of Time" is weaving such a picture of the nominal Christianity of the present day as may well cause coming ages to query whether we were not in profession as well as practice a heathen nation.

In parting with all, both at home and abroad, who truly love the cause of the slave, may we be pardoned for urging the importance of a liberal and catholic spirit? In pursuing one of the noblest ends the world has ever witnessed, surely all hearts should beat in union. There may be diversities of opinion, but one spirit. In estimating another's creed, let us remember how much temperament, education and opportunity have had to do with its formation; let us remember that much intellectual error is reconcilable with a most earnest pursuit of truth, and a most Christ-like spirit. The doctrines on which we may differ are confessedly mysterious and difficult of apprehension, but in a state of feeling embracing true love for our Creator and all his children, we may surely agree.

Were it not wise then, while offering our gift
"Upon the great world's altar stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God,"
to slough all sectarian feeling, harsh construction and personal bitterness, recognizing that our responsibility for the religious opinions of others must of necessity be extremely

limited, but that in those cases where unanimity is essential, the way of duty is not easily mistaken.

From the Albany Atlas.
Important Correspondence.

THE UNION SAVED!

We had yesterday the inexpressible felicity of laying before our readers a correspondence between Thomas Ritchie, of Washington—who (breaking through all the restraints of a narrow conventionalism and more delicacy) boldly alluded to the "secret and insidious reports" which attributed to Miss Jenny Lind a connivance in certain "alarming and detestable projects"—and Mr. Barnum, who assured the venerable editor that he felt convinced that Miss L. had no intention "to lend the slightest sanction to any attack upon the Union of the States."

The correspondence—an enduring memorial of that vigilance which is the salvation of all Republics—did not end here. If the "nightingale" really intended to attack the Union of the States, she was effectively foiled by our native bird—our Ritchie—a bird that has a second time, by a timely warning, saved a Republic. But the supplementary correspondence, which we supply, shows that the vigilance of our faithful sentinel at the Capitol was not exhausted by a single effort.

Ritchie to Barnum, No. 2.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12, 1850.

DEAR SIR:—I understand that there is an insidious report in secret circulation calculated, if not desired, to injure you in the estimation of the people of the city and of the South, and to cast a doubt upon the reputation of an ancient and venerable female once associated with you. It is understood that the late Miss Joice Heath was a fugitive from service, and that the favor with which she was received at the North, was due less to her intrinsic merits as a woman, (and I am proud to say a Virginian,) than to the alarming and detestable canny which the abolitionists of the North have felt and manifested towards the fugitive bill of '33, the principles of '38, and the compromises of the Constitution.

Do me the favor to say whether this report is not without the slightest foundation.
With sentiments of high consideration,
THOMAS RITCHIE.

To P. T. Barnum.

Mr. Barnum to Mr. Ritchie, No. 2.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12, 1850.

Venerable and Dear Sir:—Permit me to thank you for the promptitude with which you have replied to me the insidious report, which have attributed alarming and detestable projects against the Union, to the late Joice Heath, and which, if true, would necessarily involve an imputation upon my devotion to the Constitution. Let me assure you that from my intercourse with the late J. H. I have no hesitation in saying that that excellent lady would never have sanctioned, at any time during her prolonged life, any attack upon the Union of the States—that she was sympathetically attached to the principles of '38, and the compromises of the Constitution; and the peculiar institutions of the South; and I am sure would, if either had been endangered, have been the first to rally to your side to fight, bleed and die in their defence. As to myself, let me assure you that the memories of the compromises of the Constitution, and the principles of '38, and of yourself, their defender, will occupy a place in my mind, henceforth, side by side with that of that venerable and estimable woman, your compatriot, whose fame you have thus enabled me to defend.
P. T. BARNUM.

To Thos. Ritchie.

Ritchie to Barnum, No. 3.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12, 1850.

DEAR SIR:—An insidious report has just been put secretly in circulation, that you daily exhibit to the abolitionists of the North a black man in the process of turning white, with the intention of reflecting upon the peculiar institutions of the South. The public mind is in such an excitable state, and the Union is in such danger of dissolution, that I feel it my duty to call upon you to disabuse the citizens of the South on this subject.

Yours in haste,
THOMAS RITCHIE.

To P. T. Barnum.

Barnum to Ritchie, No. 3.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12, 1850.

DEAR SIR:—It is true that I did exhibit at my Museum, in New York, a negro of spotted color; but it is false that I intended either to reflect upon your peculiar institutions or upon the public men in this city, who are said to have reversed the process, and to have changed their complexion in an opposite direction. Let me enable you also to appease a public feeling that may have been excited on this matter, by assuring you that upon the passage of the compromise as a finality, I immediately arrested the process of bleaching, to which the negro was subjected, and that upon reading the letter of Mr. Webster, he so far "conquered his prejudices" as to consent to preserve his complexion half black and half white, rather than by inclining to either side, to disturb the balance of the Union, and precipitate our institutions into the gulf which, as you have repeatedly observed in your paper, and have impressed upon your readers, "yawns beneath." That patriotic negro, Sir, a Virginian like yourself and the late Mrs. Heath, now stands a living and waking impersonation of the spirit of concession, conciliation and compromise.
With profound respect,
P. T. BARNUM.

To Thos. Ritchie.

Ritchie to Barnum, No. 4.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.

DEAR SIR:—Another secret and insidious report has just been started; it is that in the Fejee Mermaid, who have intended to satirize the recent coalition (so called) upon the Compromise bill, between my friend Gen. Foote, of Mississippi, (impudently typified by the monkey head of the Fejee monster afirensid,) and the distinguished Secretary of State, Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, who is said to be personated by the Codfish in which the ingenious fabrication alluded to terminates.

I need hardly tell you how much such a report is calculated to alarm and irritate the recent friends of the Compromise, and particularly the city of the South.

Enable me to contradict the aspersion, if false.

Yours,
THOMAS RITCHIE.

To P. T. Barnum.

Barnum to Ritchie, No. 4.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12, 1850.

DEAR SIR:—Permit me to give you my solemn assurance that I intended to point no such moral as you have alluded to, while adorning the tail of the Mermaid for my Museum. You state that work "an ingenious fabrication." Such praise from one so experienced is high indeed. But permit me to add that it is not only ingenious but patriotic. The Mermaid is the type of the conjunction of interests of the two sections of the country. Strike off the head, and what is it? Cut off the tail, and what is the mutilated remainder? Sir, I stand by the mermaid as it is! Touch the Mermaid, and what becomes of our property, our contracts, our institutions and the hopes of the world? Gone, sir, gone!

With deep feeling, yours,
P. T. BARNUM.

To Thos. Ritchie.

Ritchie to Barnum, No. 5.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12—Midnight.

DEAR SIR:—I have been just aroused from a brief repose, after the exhaustion of continued watching over the Union of the States (at every moment in danger of being dissolved) by Gen. Foote of Miss., who informs me that South Carolina is arming her sons, that innumerable muskets have been ordered, and that as soon as a loan is effected at the State Bank for the purpose of buying powder, the confederacy already undermined, will be blown up. Gen. F. informs me that Gen. Quantrell has taken command; that hostilities, if commenced, will not stop short of victory or the utter annihilation of the ardent and chivalrous sons of the South, always anxious to die for their country.

These preparations have been made upon hearing that Gen. Stratton—otherwise called Gen. Thomas Thumb—has been appointed to the South, with the intention of crossing the Potomac. That Gen. T. is a Northern man, I believe is admitted—that he entertains Northern feelings, it is natural for us to apprehend. It is alleged even, that like the notorious Thompson, he is an emissary of England and France, bribed with foreign gold to break up the Union of the States. If Northern military chiefs are thus to invade the South with impunity, I need not say that I too feel my apprehensions for the destruction of the Republic. I say, that in that case, the crisis has arrived; and that Virginia must again assume the task of saving the Union, (pretermitted secession) by re-enacting the resolutions of '38. Permit me to conclude by assuring you that while I myself, and Gen. Foote would be willing to meet you and the military commander, your associate, as friends, we are nevertheless prepared to encounter you, like patriotic sons of the South, in deadly combat upon its sunny fields.

With such sentiments as the hope of the character of your answer may permit me to indulge, I remain,
THOMAS RITCHIE.

To P. T. Barnum.

Barnum to Ritchie—No. 5.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13—3 A. M.

DEAR SIR:—I have just begun to receive your startling epistle. Anticipating the fears that might naturally be excited by the march of a military Commander towards the Southern States, I secured from General Thumb the promise not to cross the Potomac. Gen. T. is ambitious; he has held appointments with Kings and Queens, he would like to distinguish himself in a crisis like this, for which he feels himself fitted, and upon fields where he is sure of distinction. But Gen. T. is no Caesar. He will not cross the Rubicon! He has no design at present upon the Union of the States; if he ever had, his guilty ambition would be chastened by the contemplation of the disorder and panic which even rumors of hostile designs have created, and by those exhortations in favor of the Constitution (and its compromises,) which have flowed from your eloquent pen.

I beg you to re-assure your ardent and chivalrous friends at the South, and particularly Gen. Foote, whom my friend Gen. Thumb holds in high estimation, that their alarm in regard to this matter, is without foundation.
P. T. BARNUM.

To Thos. Ritchie.

Thus closed a correspondence, copies of which and of the letters about Miss Lind, previously published, were immediately forwarded to the Governors of the Southern States, and to the Legislature of South Carolina. The effect has been most happy. South Carolina has abandoned her armament. Quantrell has sheathed his sword. Order reigns at Washington, and Mr. Ritchie, who has been absorbed in a long vigil in behalf of the Union, can now turn his attention to his printing contracts and those little jobs with which patriots, after a crisis, occasionally regale and reward themselves.

The Fugitive's Hymn.

BY T. WESTWORTH HIGGINSON.

The myriad stars are gleaming
On heads that are bowed in prayer,
And the Northern lights are streaming
Through the mild and fragrant air,
Like the pillar of fire that once shone clear
Upon Israel's weary way;
And so in a joy that knows no fear
Father, thy children pray:—
While we rest where no foe can find us,
Our toil and grief seem o'er,
With the land of slaves behind us,
The land of the Free before!

Far up through the shadowy pine-tree boughs
The night winds roll and sigh,
And prayer sinks to whispering as we think
It may be thy voice on high!
Hath Thy breath indeed come downward
To the depths of the forest lone?
Then well may our prayers go upward,
To thine eternal throne;
They shall rise through these solemn arches,
And mingle before Thee,
To shelter our weary marches
Toward the country of the Free!

By day and by night in our ceaseless flight
We have toiled with footsteps slow,
Our thoughts and hopes are all before,
We have shrunk from each voice, we have feared
Each noise,
As if all that lives were our foe;
Yet no thought of crime was in our breast
Since each but sought to save
Himself and those whom he loved the best,
From the life and death of a slave;
So, firm and fearless, though hushed and low,
Our night song swelled to thee,
As we wandered on in our wretchedness
Toward the country of the Free!

We would breathe no curse, we would ask no ill
For those whom we leave behind,
But that thou wilt grant them a wiser will,
A better and holier mind;
Our thoughts and hopes are all before,
The past is gone like a dream,
When we tell to Freedom our story o'er
How strange will its sorrow seem!
We are safe when we reach their sunny hills,
When we stand on their waving plains;
They will laugh to scorn the tyrannous voice
That would call us back to chains:—
We will tell with joy in that promised land,
And sing our praise to thee,
Who didst lead us forth with a mighty hand
To the country of the Free.

Be of Good Courage.

I propose to say a few words of the principles of prospects of the anti-slavery cause. Their principles I read in the mottoes that adorn these walls:—"All men are created equal"—"Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you." And the method of proclaiming these noble sentiments is written upon that other standard—"I am a man; I will not retreat; I will not cower; I will not equivocate; and I will be heard." (Cheers.) It seems to me that the anti-slavery cause may well be illustrated by the story of the Pilgrims; and I refer to them now, not only because we have just come up from Plymouth, glowing with Pilgrim associations, but because the friends of slavery, meeting in New York on the anniversary of the landing, have been engaged in desecrating the memories of our fathers, by quoting them in opposition to the cause of humanity.

You are charged with being bigoted and fanatical. Do not deny the accusation! A bigot, as we understand the word, is a man who believes his principles with his whole heart; a fanatic is one who carries those principles into his life. Tried by this definition, what were our Pilgrim Fathers? No cowardly trimmers, no timid compromisers steered the Mayflower across the sea, and made New England what she is to-day. None but "ultras," none but fanatics, crowded the deck of that noble vessel. The early history of our Commonwealth is not the history of Conservatism. Fanaticism laid the corner-stone, and iron bigotry watched every rising pillar of the State. We are the children of bigots; all that we have, and are, and hope, we owe to fanaticism. Let us not disdain to walk humbly in the footsteps of our fathers.

Does it sometimes appear, that the friends of liberty are weak and powerless, when compared with the forces mustered on the side of the oppressor? Do your hearts ever faint when you see, on the one part, a little band of faithful men and women, and on the other, wealth, talent, influence, prejudice,—every source of power, except the Truth? Look once more at the story of our Pilgrim ancestors. Go back with me to the day when the white sail of the Mayflower is first seen across the blue waters of Plymouth Bay, like a faint cloud upon the horizon,—a little cloud "no bigger than a man's hand," yet charged with what immortal and infinite destinies for the old continent and the new! And now contrast the weakness of that band of shivering exiles with the greatness of the work before them, and learn that truth, which every reform illustrates, and which I love to repeat—that no man is weak who is in earnest for the Truth. (Applause.)

Do the prospects of Freedom ever seem dark? Are you ever inclined to despair of its triumph? Go back once again to the Pilgrims, and tell me whether this cause has ever seen so dark a time as that cheerless November day, when the icy sails of the Mayflower were furled in Cape Cod harbor, and when our fathers met in her narrow cabin to form that famous compact designed to perpetuate liberty, falsely given you, (to Mr. Garrison) ever known an hour so dark as that cold morning in March, when our fathers met upon the Rock, to lay the fifth of May to rest beneath the ground where their number Carver and Rose Standish, and so on of the strength and beauty of their little band already reposed;—or as that time of danger in June, when the skies were as brass, and the earth as iron; when the green blade was withering, and the hope of the year was almost cut off? Well said Governor Thompson, that the God who guided the

Mayflower still survives to aid his own good cause. The God who softened the rigor of the winter of 1620, and soothed the heart of Massachusetts to kindness and love; the God who stayed the pestilence, while a remnant of his people yet remained, and who did not withhold his rain in the hour of need; that God now lays bare his arm to protect the cause of Liberty, and holds the friends of the bondman as in the hollow of his hand. (Applause.)

We look to these examples, to find instances of triumphant faith and all-conquering truth. We may find a glorious parallel in the progress of our own cause. The Pilgrims numbered one hundred and one,—just one hundred more than anti-slavery could boast, when its pioneer first embarked the cause of the slave. (Cheers.) I see before me the man within whose single heart there was wrapped up, twenty years ago, as in a germ, all the victories and glories, past, present and future, of this great cause. You all know his history. He was thrown into prison; but the gloom of a dungeon could not quench the fire of Freedom in his soul. He was attacked by mobs; they could not trample out the life of that precious germ. (Applause.) And now look round you, and see how that little seed has grown. Its shoots are scattered like cedars; its branches cover the earth; and its leaves shall be the healing of this nation.

I need say nothing of your prospects, except to repeat these familiar sentiments:—"The Mayflower has no adequate, which can take part with the slaveholder."—God himself is with us for our Cry! We could desire no better pledge of success than the truth contained in these words; nor are we without signs of promise, that foreshadow the coming of that reign of right, to which our efforts and your prayers have long been directed.

"The hour of triumph comes apace,
The promised, destined hour,
When earth upon a ransom'd race
Her beautiful gifts shall shower.
Ring, Lamartine, thy glorious bell,
And high thy sacred banner swell;
Let trumpet trump the triumph tell
Of Heaven's redeeming power."—Thomas Russell's Speech at the National Bazaar.

From the Cleveland Advertiser.
Alexander Campbell in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Sorry as I am to announce this, the January No. of the *Millennial Harbinger*, published by him, leaves no room to doubt that it is even so.

I regret it for this, among other reasons. I am a member of the church of which, by many, he is called the founder, and which derives its most common appellation from him; and in common with its members, I have more or less looked upon his opinions with a sort of reverence; but cannot continue to do so, if he lends his efforts and influence to aid pro-slavery politicians in their petting attempts to bolster up Human Slavery, which I think John Wesley justly described as *the sum of all villainies*.

If his article were not too long, I would quote it entire, and perhaps may at some future time, but my present object is to notice a few of the most important points, and for myself protest against them.

He quotes scripture very fluently to prove the duty of implicit obedience to human law-givers and rulers, but does not quote our Savior's Golden Rule, nor the answer of Peter and John to the rulers, (Acts iv. 9) "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye."

He and some of his correspondents seem to be in about as much anxiety to silence the opposition to the fugitive law, as Demetrius the silversmiths and craftsmen, who made silver shrines for Diana, were to silence the preaching of Paul, and I cannot help thinking whether the Bethany College, of which a very large majority of the students are from the Slave States, has not some influence in the case.

He also quotes, or rather refers to the case of Paul and Onesimus to justify the returning of fugitive slaves. Let us see how Paul sent him back. "Not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved, especially to me, but how much more unto thee, both in the flesh, and in the Lord! If thou count me therefore a partner, receive him as thyself."—*Eph. to Philemon*, v. 16, 17. Now in my opinion this supports slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law just about as much, no not as much either, as his exhortation to Timothy, to "think no longer water, but use a little wine for the stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities" (1st Tim. v. 23) supports modern distilleries, grog shops and drunkenness.

In the latter part of his article is the following paragraph:—"The conviction but deepens with my years of experience and observation, that the spirit which animates this crusade against Southern Institutions by Northern men, but exasperates the masters, exacerbates the slaves, extends the territory, and prolongs the existence of this obnoxious system.—Let them alone, and whatever interested demagogues or generous philanthropists may say or think to the contrary, the evil will sooner cure itself, than all the nostrums of all the regular and irregular doctors, from Bala's Bay to the isthmus of Panama."

To me that seems very strange logic to come from the President of Bethany College, a man who is pre-eminently distinguished for energetic efforts to carry on another reformation, not by "masterly inactivity," but by direct and persevering action.
If one obnoxious institution—one evil is to be left to cure itself, why not others? Why not intemperance, gambling, thieving, &c.? In short, why not give the devil and his hosts full swing—all the rope they want, and trust to their hanging themselves? Why make so much effort to print and circulate the Bible in other nations, when in many of the Slave States, (his own I believe may be included),

it is a *State Prison offence to learn a large portion of their inhabitants to read it?*
One of the cardinal points in his doctrine is, or has been, that all persons should read the Bible for themselves, and now he tries to prove that a system which makes it a legal offence to learn them to read it, is sustained by the Bible itself!

Why did Christ make "a scourge of small cords" and drive out of the Temple those who were trading there, and overthrow the tables of the money changers, and tell them they had "made it a den of thieves?" Was not that interference with the rights of property and exasperating the opponents of Christianity?

It is possible, and even probable, that some will take this special pleading in behalf of Slavery for gospel, because it comes from ALEXANDER CAMPBELL; but I am not one of the number.

There are many fugitives from Slavery in the North who have married free persons, and have families; and I would no more extend the hand of fellowship to the person who would by word or deed, directly or indirectly, aid in depriving those free persons of their husbands or wives, as the case may be, and their children of *Fathers or Mothers*, than I would to the one who would steal their property or burn their houses. Nor do I consider that there is any moral difference between severing brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, children and parents, from each other on the coast of Africa, and dooming them to a life of hopeless slavery, and doing the same in Virginia; unless it can be shown that the African Slave dealers are more enlightened than the Virginians; if so, I will admit that the difference is in favor of Virginia.

Correspondence of the New York Evening Post.
The Chivalry in their Glory.

Sale of Long, the New York Fugitive.

Richmond, Va., Jan. 18.

It was announced in the daily papers of yesterday, that Henry Long would be sold this morning, at ten o'clock, at an auction mart near the City Hotel. At that hour the people began to assemble. A few minutes after ten, Henry Long was brought into the auction room and seated near two women having infant children—two boys about ten years of age, and two smaller children—all to be sold.

Long maintained, evidently a forced smile, and was much agitated. It was only when spoken to that he appeared relieved. There were many soon gathered about him, together with myself, who put various questions to him. I shall detail the conversation in a categorical form, as the truest and shortest mode of conveying all that is necessary in regard to such speculations as have been made about him. His manner throughout, was modest and civil, and his replies to questions, were very much the same, repeated over to him by the different parties coming to see him, were sensible. There was no disposition to use taunting language to him. On the contrary, soft and persuasive language was adopted, such as the slave dealers use to make them believe they are going to glory.

Long, are you glad to get back to Virginia? Well, I often thought I would like to come back sometime, but I meant to come independently. They say you played the fiddle! That is not true, I know nothing about handling a fiddle, I wouldn't know how to touch a string; the story is all made up for me. Didn't you sing or play? Carry me back to old Virginia? No! that's not true either, it's all made up. Have you got a family? I have got a wife in New York. She is a white woman, said some one, isn't she, Long? So the papers say? Then, said Long, I suppose it must be so, if the papers say so. But, Long, did you give sanction to the story, or is there any foundation for it? No, Long, said one man, in a meek and benignant tone, were the abolitionists good to you; why didn't they come to you when you were sick and take care of you? I never knew anything of them until I was arrested. Well, what did they do for you then? Why they seemed to be friendly. Do you suppose you were as well off as you would have been here, where you would be cared for if you were sick, with somebody to look after you and be kind to you? Well, I don't know; the people there always spoke well of you here. (Not a very appropriate answer, nevertheless the one that was given.) Now, Long, hadn't you rather be back here, a slave in Virginia, than to be free in New York, where they don't care anything about you, you know, now, do they? I don't know about that—I don't want to answer that. Ain't you sorry you are brought back? Well, the best of men have their downsides.

Such is, literally, the conversation, as far as it goes, with Long. Under the peculiar circumstances under which he was situated, it will be seen how much it bears the impress of truth, and how flatly it contradicts all that has been said as to the particulars referred to.

After being thus, with others, participating in the conversation with Long, until about half-past ten o'clock, when probably 200 persons had collected in the room and about the doors, the auctioneer, a very good looking man, called out, "Whoever is going to buy niggers will come down to the other office." A large number followed on to several doors beyond, when it was understood that the sale of Long would not take place until that was over.

At that other office, were about twenty slaves, of both sexes, and a variety of ages. One legitimate black, about 22 years of age, sold for \$500. An old man sold for about \$85. A good looking mulatto boy of 19, was knocked off at \$800. His mother, who is a cook here in the city, was present. The boy had been in a factory here. When he found that he had to go to Danville, he burst into tears—the mother, too, sobbing and sighing in a subdued and smothered tone, exhibited a spontaneous burst of grief that was irresistible to them. The boy said that he had been at Danville before; that there was no chance for him to make anything; that they worked him from daylight until dark; and again weeping bitterly, he turned away, a perfect personification of a forlorn hope. I returned to where Long was, awaiting his execution. By that time—about 11 o'clock—a number of the members of the Convention and of the Legislature congregated about, and hundreds were coming and going, thus contributing to a large number permanently there. All continued in that manner until about 12 o'clock, when the sale was finished at the corner, and another announcement was made at the door of Long's

leaves, that another sale would take place across the way, where there were about twenty more small boys and girls. That sale occupied until 2 o'clock.

From twelve to one o'clock, the President of the Senate stood close by the stand of the auctioneer, whilst many members of each of the bodies of the Legislature—which was then in session—as well as of the Convention, waited the demonstration. Many left between ten and twelve o'clock; others arriving to keep up the pressing crowd within. All passed off quietly with no noisy expressions—some saying "the damned nigger ought to be strung up;" another that he was not to be blamed for trying to get away, if he could; another that very likely some abolitionist was then by watching their movements. One member possessing some comical features of character was asked to go. He replied facetiously (but it struck me that there might be something in it) that it would never do to go until the "nigger" was sold; that he must see him sold, or he would get turned out of office.

Amongst the crowd was one young man, who, from his dress, swell and expressions, appeared as if he might have suddenly come into possession of some property, which he was not accustomed to, and in consequence, became suddenly elevated in his own estimation. He swaggered about to the merriment and approving smiles of a few, but met with no encouragement from the mass, swearing that he was about to buy the "nigger" so that he could give him thirteen every morning before breakfast; he would fix him, he would lay it on him, whilst flourishing his cane to show how he would do it.

LONG ON THE BLOCK.

About 2 o'clock the auctioneer came in, and Henry Long was immediately placed on the stand. The auctioneer turned to him, and taking his hat off, asked him in a low tone about his health, strength, soundness, &c., to all of which questions Henry responded favorably.

The auctioneer then said: "There is one condition about this sale. Bonds are to be given by the purchaser that this man shall be carried south, and that he shall be sold and kept south." Then clenching his hand, and with a very energetic gesture, and in emphatic language, declared that before Long left his possession, "he would see that the terms were fully complied with, and he should know his man well before he gave Long up, or received the money." That drew forth a round of applause.

The auctioneer continued: "This man is in good health and sound mind. (Doubtful if he is on the slavery question.) I need not give you his history—that is known; and now how much shall I have bid?" Starting the bid himself, he said: "I have only \$700 bid; will nobody bid more?" "I'll give \$25 more!" said a man standing in front, who bore a very strong resemblance to what the Peter Funks call a "Dummy." "He is a good barber, good hotel waiter, and can work in the field, or do anything. He is worth a fortune to any man; he can be taken around and exhibited at the South—turned to advantage in that way; or he would be invaluable to a slave-dealer who has other slaves to sell, by advertising that Henry Long is at his place." (That is the game that was played to-day. The crowd was kept together at the other sales, by putting off the sale of Long until all the others were disposed of.) "\$750 I have bid—will nobody say more?" After dwelling on and repeating the usual slang-words of the auctioneer, occupying altogether not five minutes, Long was knocked off to David Clifton, of Georgia, a slave dealer of that State, where there is not a verdant field, nor a square yard of green grass. The auctioneer was empowered to make the purchase, and immediately after knocking off the bid he gave assurance that Long should now be taken care of, when the audience gave a vociferous round of applause, leaving the room exultingly—one man crying out, "d—n the North!"

For several days past many processions have been seen in the streets of slaves passing in and out of the State. They go in numbers in proportion as the trade of the slave-dealers flourishes or declines.

CONSERVATIVE.

From the Ohio Republican.

The Associate Presbytery of Ohio.

At a meeting of this Presbytery, at Poland in this county, on the 19th day of December, 1850, the following report on the Fugitive Slave Law was unanimously adopted and ordered to be read in all the congregations under their inspection, and also to be published.

DAVID GOODWILLIE, Clerk.

REPORT.

WHEREAS, It is the duty of the church, as the light of the world, to bear witness to the truth, to point out the path of duty and to warn off the approach of danger; And whereas, the bill passed at the last session of Congress, and commonly known as the fugitive slave law, is in its requirements both oppressive and sinful. It implicates the whole nation still more deeply in the sin of slavery, providing for the appointment of additional officers, whose duty is to assist in returning to slavery the fugitive. It provides for the robbing a man of his dearest rights without due process of law; denying to him the right of habeas corpus and a trial by jury—rights guaranteed by the Constitution to every person. It provides that any of us, the minister of the gospel on his way to his church, or any of our people from their lawful business, may be summoned to assist a slavecatcher to seize and carry off into slavery, any person claimed as a fugitive from slavery, and if we refuse are liable to be fined and imprisoned. It forbids us, under the severest penalties, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and relieve the distressed, duties which both our common humanity and our holy religion require of us. It requires us under the penalty of fine and imprisonment, to disobey a positive command of God—"Thou shalt not deliver up into his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee."—Deut. 33, 15.

Resolved, That we feel grieved and deeply humbled, that in the middle of the nineteenth century of gospel light, such a law could be passed by the Congress of the United States.

Resolved, That there is a higher law than human ordinance—the law of God—and that the obedience that we owe "to the powers that be" is in the things that do not conflict with it, and that disobedience to unrighteous human laws is obedience to God.

(See Acts 4, 19.) "Whether it is right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God judge ye."

Resolved, That we affectionately and earnestly admonish the people under our care to have "neither part or lot" in supporting this law—to hold no office that will require them to execute it—to render no active obedience to it in any way, but rather to obey God, and feed the hungry clothe the naked and if punished take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing that in heaven they have a more enduring substance.

Resolved, That we urge the people under our care to use all Christian means by petitioning Congress, and otherwise to seek the repeal of this odious law.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

WHEN GOD COMMANDS TO TAKE THE TRUMPHET AND BLOW A DOUBTLESS OR A JARRING BLAST, IT LIES NOT IN MAN'S WILL WHAT HE SHALL SAY OR WHAT HE SHALL CONCEAL.—Milton.

SALEM, OHIO, FEBRUARY 1, 1851.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—A good audience attended at the Town Hall on Sunday last to hear the reading of Horace Mann's "Thoughts for a Young Man." It was admirably read by Sallie B. Gove, Alfred Wright not being well enough to assist her.

The next meeting will be held on the 9th inst., when a Discourse will be delivered by Rev. Mr. Dickon of Hanover.

American Colonization Society.

This Society held its anniversary at Washington on the 21st ult., the chair being occupied by its slaveholding President Henry Clay, who made one of his characteristic speeches in favor of Expiation. The National Commander in Chief, Millard Fillmore, countenanced the meeting by his attendance. The friends of the Fugitive law are by instinct in favor of the Colonization Society. Rev. Dr. Fuller, of Baltimore, an extensive slaveholder, and a defender of slavery on Bible grounds, made a long speech, and Mr. Stanton, M. C. from Tennessee, offered a labored argument in favor of the "Ebony Line" of Steamers, which it is proposed to establish between this country and Liberia by authority of Congress, under pretence of benevolent motives, but really to promote the interests of Slavery in the United States.

The Colonization Society is built upon the Atheistic lie that blacks and whites cannot live together on terms of equality—a lie which had its origin in slavery and is nursed into active malignity by the hellish spirit of caste. The idea that men who stand ready to consign the hunted fugitive to eternal slavery, and who quote Scripture for the deed, are actuated by a conscientious hostility to the Slave Trade and a desire to enlighten and elevate the people of color, is enough to excite a laugh in the infernal regions!

Villainy in Embryo.

In the Indiana Constitutional Convention, Jan. 13th, Mr. Kent, from the Select Committee, to which the different subjects in relation to negroes and mulattoes were referred, reported a series of sections providing—that no negro or mulatto shall come into or settle in this State after the adoption of this Constitution; contracts with negroes coming into the State to be void, and persons employing them, or otherwise encouraging their remaining in the State, shall be fined not less than \$10 nor more than \$500; there shall be an annual appropriation for the gradual colonization of negroes, and mulattoes who are here at the adoption of the Constitution; after 1850 no negro or mulatto shall acquire real estate except by descent; the General Assembly to pass laws to carry out the provisions of the foregoing sections, if adopted by the people. This article shall be submitted to a separate vote of the people, in this form: *Exclusion and Colonization of Negroes and Mulattoes*, "aye or no," which were read a first time and 500 copies ordered to be printed.

We fear these scandalous provisions will be adopted by the Convention and receive the sanction of a majority of the people of pro-slavery Indiana.

THE KNOCKINGS.—C. C. Burr made a great flourish, a short time since, in New York, in announcing his purpose to explain the mystery of the Rochester Knockings in a course of public lectures. The announcement had the effect at first to secure him a large audience, but his pretended exposure of the mystery turned out a "lumbag," and the people thereupon left him to waste his sweetness upon empty benches. He attempted to show that the knockings are made with the toes, and gave some specimens of his own genius in that line; but the Tribune says that his efforts were "total failures, which left the Rochester mysteries as much in the dark as before." The Providence Mirror says that Burr some time since proposed to one of the Rochester girls to unite with him in giving public exhibitions, and failing to obtain her consent, he went to work to establish the "toe theory."

POW'S SPEECH.—George Pow, member of Assembly from Mahoning County, made a speech, a short time since, in the House on the subject of the Fugitive law, in which he takes the ground that the law is unconstitutional, and that Congress has no power to legislate on the subject, the duty of "delivering up" the slave devolving solely upon the States individually. He fortifies this position with arguments which, however convincing in themselves, have little practical force against the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of the United States and the general voice of the Bench and Bar in every part of the Union. Mr. Pow says, that if he thought the law Constitutional, his voice would not be heard in a legislative hall—he would feel himself compelled to repudiate the Constitution. The moral tone of the speech is unexceptionable.

W. L. CHAPLIN addressed a large meeting in Boston on the 17th ult. George Thompson being present also made an eloquent address.

Important Pamphlet.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION, held at Worcester, Mass., Oct. 23d and 24th, 1850. Boston: published by Prentiss & Sawyer. 8vo. pp. 82.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. Davis, the President of the Convention, for an early copy of this beautiful pamphlet. We hail its appearance with heartfelt pleasure, and hope it may have a very wide circulation. It contains the minutes and resolutions of the Convention in full—the original Call, the admirable Address of Mrs. Davis on taking the chair—the Address read before the Convention by Abby H. Price of Hopdale—an able essay on "Woman's Rights in Church and State," by H. H. Van Amringe—Extracts from an Address on the Medical Education of Women, by Harriet K. Hunt of Boston—letters addressed to the Convention by Gerrit Smith, Elizabeth C. Stanton, Rev. S. J. May, L. A. Hine, Elizur Wright, O. S. Fowler, Esther Ann Lukens, Margaret Chappell Smith of Illinois, Nancy M. Baird of Virginia, Jane Cowen of Indiana, Sophia L. Little, Elizabeth Wilson of Ohio, Maria L. Varney, Mildred A. Spaford, and H. M. Weber of France—and a list of all the members of the Convention.

The Address of Mrs. Price we had not seen until its appearance in these beautiful pages.—It realizes fully the high anticipations we had formed of it from the notices of the press and our acquaintance with the author. It is replete with good sense, sound argument, and eloquent appeals to the conscience and the heart.

The argument of Mr. Van Amringe is at once clear and irrefragable, and Mrs. Hunt pleads forcibly and eloquently for the medical education of women, not in separate schools, but in the same institutions with men. Many of the letters are of permanent value, containing as they do the best thoughts of gifted minds upon a subject of immense importance.

The retail price of this pamphlet is 25 cents. We presume that copies will be obtained at an early day by the booksellers of this place.

WHIG ALMANAC FOR 1850.—We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of this annual from the publishers. Aside from its party character, (and there is little in it of a partisan nature,) its contents are exceedingly valuable to the politician and the man of business. The California, New Mexico, Texas Boundary, Utah, Fugitive Slave and District Slave-Trade Suppression bills are all given—their material provisions in full, and the others in substance.—The permanent provisions of the Census and Apportionment bill; the Military Bounty Land bill in full, with the regulations for obtaining Bounties under it, the Nicaragua Ship Canal Treaty with Great Britain, &c. are of the widest interest. The Members of Congress, present and prospective; with a sketch of the doings of last Session; Mileage of do; U. S. Finances; Railroads in this country; Europe in 1850; California in 1850; Central America; The Illustrious Dead of 1850, &c. &c. such are the subjects treated with the utmost power of condensation in the closely printed pages of the Whig Almanac. Though so modest in size few medium-sized volumes contain so large an amount of matter, and not many are got up at so considerable an expense. Price 12 1-2 cents per copy, 13 for \$1, \$7 per hundred, \$55 per thousand. Address Greeley & McElrath, Tribune Office, New York.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—The opening article in No. 350 is Lord Carle's (formerly Lord Morpeth) Lecture at Leeds, upon the United States. The distinguished lecturer visited this country some eight years ago, and this lecture is the fruit of his observation and experience as a traveler and guest in different States, cities and towns. Few Englishmen have spoken more candidly or generously of our peculiar manners and institutions. He speaks freely of our faults, but without any spice of bitterness. Of Ohio he says—"It seemed to me the part of the Union where, if obliged to make a choice, I should like best to fix my abode. It has a great share of all the civilization and appliances of the old settled States of the East, with the richer soil, the softer climate, the fresher spring of life, which distinguished the West.—It had besides to me the great attraction of being the first free State which I reached on my return from the region of slavery, and the contrast in the appearance of prosperity and progress is just what a friend of freedom would always wish it to be." "My First Trouble" is a capital story from Sharpe's Magazine; and we notice beside several fresh chapters of "The Mystic Vial," and a great variety of minor selections from the best sources.

PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATION.—Hoff & Bloode, 180 William-st., New York, have brought out a new pictorial illustration of the Fugitive Law. In the foreground are seen four stalwart men, who have fled from bondage. They have just leaped a fence which skirts a tobacco field, on the other side of which, in the distance, is seen a company of whites in pursuit. The pursuers are armed, and several of them are in the act of leveling their pieces at the fugitives, two of whom appear to be falling mortally wounded. The countenances of the others reveal their agony of spirit as they stand exposed to the fire of the hunters. Under the picture on the left, is inscribed that well-known passage, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master," &c.; and on the right the words of the Declaration of Independence, "We hold these truths to be self evident," &c. The picture is well calculated to impress the mind with a deeper abhorrence of the infamous Kidnaping Law.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Amos Tuck has been nominated by the Whigs for re-election to Congress. We presume, if Mr. Tuck accepts the nomination, that the Free-soilers will withdraw the name of Moses A. Carland, and that both parties will unite to secure his (Mr. T's) election.

We believe, on the whole, that the compliments so liberally bestowed upon us in the following article from the pen of Mrs. Swishelm hardly afford a justifiable excuse for denying our readers the pleasure of its perusal. She comes in so winning a garb, and displays her courtesy and fairness as a disputant in a light so attractive, that we can do no less than doff our hat and bid her welcome to our pedestal! To be sure our modesty suggests a doubt whether we deserve so warm and flattering a eulogium at her hands, but if she can afford to give we think it will not hurt us to take it. Our readers will know what abatement to make on account of the extreme amiability and partiality of the writer.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

This paper favors us with three and a half columns more on our Worcester Convention dispute. Our readers will remember that Convention passed a resolution which ended thus:—

"But every party which claims to represent the humanity and progress of the age, is bound to inscribe on its banners, Equality before the law, without distinction of sex, or color."

Well, we found fault with this as irrelevant, thought it introduced the anti-slavery question, and contended that this had no more right to be introduced there, than any reform question of the day. Parker Pillsbury found fault with our article, and wrote us a letter, which we published. It was a graphic and touching enumeration of the wrongs and oppressions suffered by colored people in this country, and gave these as a reason why it was necessary to pass a resolution with a color clause. This confirmed our previous notion that this clause made that convention an "abolition meeting." And every thing, those who differ with us say, makes this more and more plain. The Bugle keeps on lecturing us about not wishing to "disturb the prejudices of woman-whippers and cradle plunderers" while it charges us with aggression and "whimpering" when we find our charges disproved—with adroitness in suppressing its arguments, and misrepresenting and mystifying the whole subject in a most wonderful way. The editor insists that we have wilfully, deliberately and maliciously misrepresented the action of the Convention, and complains we did not copy all its article instead of cutting out such parts as appeared to us to involve a contradiction. We never have heard our readers with column upon column, of hair-splitting controversies; and if we undertook, now, to copy the pros and cons of this, we should be obliged to print a sheet as large as a half acre lot, or else give our readers nothing but the Worcester Convention. We have twice copied the Resolution; we now give the gist of it again, and repeat what we could very freely say upon oath, that to the best of our knowledge and belief, the passage of that resolution made that Convention an abolition meeting, that it was a "breach of trust" in those who composed the Convention to commit it to any question but that one for the consideration of which it was especially called.

The plea that it was necessary to say "sex or color," in order to make it plain that all women were included appears to us ridiculous. Of what sex are black women? Are they female women, or feminine ladies? If men, we cannot imagine where the "women-whippers" are.

Mr. Johnson says we have not denied "that the Woman's Rights movement is an outgrowth from the great tree of Liberty, planted by abolitionists." Well, if we did not deny it before, we do now. It is a distinct plant with roots of its own, and no "sucker." The seed of it was planted six thousand years ago, when it was promised that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. It spread out its leaves when that seed declared that in him was neither bond nor free, male nor female. We think it had been heard of in the days of the Romans when woman spoke in the Rostrum and took part in the affairs of State. It has had occasional advocates in all civilized countries since the beginning of the Christian era; and we cannot think how our modern abolitionists have come to imagine it owes its origin to their organization.

As for "the honorable retraction" of the "original charge" which Mr. Johnson hopes to place on record for us, we hope he will be happy until it comes! If he should live to convince us we are the lying, drivelling hypocrite which he has represented us to his readers, we shall have lived to think our word of too little importance to make a retraction differ from an avowal.

There is an old adage to this effect, viz: that a disputant who knows how to reason correctly is not apt to become petulant and waspish, to pervert and misrepresent the arguments of his antagonist, to raise false issues, to confuse the minds of the listeners with ad captum efforts to appear witty, and to descend to personal denunciation, unless he is troubled with a consciousness of inability to defend his cause. That this rule applies to all mankind, without distinction of sex or color, we will not affirm lest we should incur the charge of introducing an "irrelevant" topic; but we assure Mrs. Swishelm that we intend to be "happy," whatever she may do or say. Why should we not? As for the statement that we have represented her as a "lying, drivelling hypocrite," our readers have the means of judging of its truth for themselves, though hers have not. But that is not our fault, and we don't intend to be unhappy about it. Why should we? "He that wins may laugh," says the old proverb. Who is the victor in this controversy it hardly becomes us to say, but some how or other we feel an irresistible inclination to laugh!

W. J. BROWN, of Indiana, the patriot who tried to get into the Speaker's chair of the U. S. House of Representatives by riding two nags, each going in an opposite direction from the other, and who, instead of reaching the said chair, was precipitated into the mud, has come out in the Washington Union with a eulogium upon the Orthodox Quakers, while at the same time he vents his wrath upon the Anti-Slavery Friends for venturing to ask the repeal of the Fugitive Law. The Orthodox Quakers of Indiana must feel themselves highly honored by the praise of such a man, and we believe no one can be so unjust as to deny that they richly deserve it!

PAINE'S LIGHT.—The public must not expect the immediate introduction of the benefits of Paine's discovery into their dwellings. It will necessarily take time to construct and perfect apparatus, and remove all obstacles in the way of its general employment, if there are any.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The political pot of the old Bay State is the seat of a terrible fermentation just now. Our readers know that, previous to the recent election, a coalition was formed between the Free-soilers and the great body of the Democrats, with a view to break down the Whig ascendancy, effect certain State reforms, and place in the U. S. Senate a firm friend of freedom in place of the arch traitor Daniel Webster. The coalition worked admirably up to the point of the Senatorial election, the Free-soilers consenting to give the Democrats the lion's share of the offices, with the distinct understanding that they (the Free-soilers) should be permitted to name the man for Senator.—They nominated for that place Charles Sumner, an eminent scholar and the spontaneous choice of the masses of their party, and the nomination was duly confirmed in the Democratic caucus; but when the House came into the election it was found that just enough old hunker democrats had bolted to secure his defeat. The Senate elected him very promptly, but the House has balloted several times without effecting a choice. Another trial will be made on the 7th inst., but we fear without any better success. The Whigs desire to stave off the election till next year, when they hope to be able to elect Winthrop; and the hunker democrats seem disposed to play into their hands.

A new trial to elect Members of Congress took place in seven of the Districts in the State on the 20th ult. The Whigs elected their candidates in three Districts, and in the other there was no choice. Two of the Whigs chose strong Free-soilers, while the other voted for the partition of New Mexico and the Ten Million swindle for the benefit of Texas. "Paine" is farther than ever from an election, having given offence to some of his friends by opposing the "coalition." Charles Allen has gained somewhat, but falls short of a majority.

EFFECTS OF DISSOLUTION.—Hon. J. R. Poinsett, formerly U. S. Minister to Mexico, has written a letter in opposition to the Southern scheme of Secession and a new slaveholding Confederacy, in which he significantly says:—"Such a confederacy would present no barrier against the attacks of the abolitionists of all the world. The sympathies of civilized Europe are against our institutions, and if they are not 'protected by the Constitution and the uncapitulated Union, our slaves would not be worth a year's purchase.' We believe the great majority of slaveholders, like Mr. Poinsett, have a profound conviction that their Union with the North is the great 'barrier' which preserves their favorite institution from sudden and inevitable ruin. How long will Northern freemen consent to stand in such a relation to that institution, so full of all conceivable misery and crime?"

A "NATIONAL" CHURCH.—The National Intelligencer of Jan. 20th contains an announcement beginning thus:—"The National Presbyterian Church." We submit that the known and established character of the Old School Presbyterian Church makes the new adjective superfluous. To be "national," whether in politics or religion, is to be inveterately pro-slavery; and that the Old School Presbyterians are Orthodox according to that standard is what every body knows. The meaning of that word "National" in such a connection is clear enough. It is a proclamation to the corrupt politicians at Washington, who "frame iniquity by a law" and turn aside the poor and needy from judgment, that at the Old School Presbyterian altar they can be accommodated with a religion which will leave them at peace in their sins. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Almighty shall have them in derision."

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.—By an article in another column, from the Cleveland Advertiser, it will be seen that this "master in Israel" has come out in favor of the Fugitive law. This may astonish some of his admirers, but it does not surprise us in the least. In fact we expected nothing better of him, after his defence of slavery from the Bible. There is not in this country a more deadly foe of freedom and undeviled religion than Alexander Campbell, and no man has exerted a more demoralizing influence over the sect to which he belongs. We do not exchange with the Harbinger, and all we know of his article is derived from testimonials of the press; but we see no reason to doubt that these testimonials are correct.

NEW YORK.—The "Silver Gray" (Fillmore) Whigs in the New York Legislature are determined to prevent the election of any man for U. S. Senator who is friendly to W. H. Sewall and opposed to the Fugitive law. As a condition for going into an election they demand the passage previously of a series of resolutions sustaining the Administration. The Sewall Whigs refuse to grant this, and the result is uncertain. It is feared that the latter are not strong enough to elect their man in the face of the power and patronage of the President. We shall not be surprised to see a coalition between the Hunkers of both parties for the election of a Union Democrat.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—There is not a little dissatisfaction expressed by the friends of Cheap Postage with the bill which recently passed the House and is now awaiting the action of the Senate. In some respects it does seem a *rule* affair, and yet we should regret to see it fail as a consequence of any unavailing efforts to amend it. The New York Independent hopes that the Senate will cut down the rate to two cents, and that the House will concur. We do not expect the present Congress to do any thing so wise as that.

PAIN'S LIGHT.—The public must not expect the immediate introduction of the benefits of Paine's discovery into their dwellings. It will necessarily take time to construct and perfect apparatus, and remove all obstacles in the way of its general employment, if there are any.

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The Cause of Woman.

To the Editor of The Bugle:—

In the middle of the Nineteenth Century, in this boasted land of Liberty and Equality, must Woman silently bear that she is the weaker vessel, that she possesses not that strength of mind, which is necessary to enable her to acquire a sufficient amount of political knowledge to enable her to cast her vote properly at the polls, and not to vindicate herself!

Has one portion of humanity a right to say what powers the other shall or shall not exercise?

The elective franchise is a privilege so dear to the hearts of freemen that few would be willing to relinquish it at any price, even the felon who has trampled the laws of his country under foot cannot be deprived of it. A foreigner coming from the most despotic country of the Old World, where the science of political economy was to him a sealed book, is invited to the polls before he has acquired enough of our language to converse freely, much less read and understand the nature of our institutions and laws. Can this privilege be constitutionally conferred on such as these, and at the same time denied to others who have been born in the country, who are capable of strong local attachments, and who have ever been found able and willing to exert themselves when their country required it, as far as their lords would permit? The women of the Revolution are a glorious example of devotion and patriotism. The courage and fortitude with which they encountered danger, or endured privation, was not excelled by the other sex. Since that, has woman retrograded, or is she not interested in the welfare of her country? We often hear public orators talk about keeping the fire of patriotism still alive, and not suffering one spark to be extinguished; but do they not deaden the very fountain from whence this fire is to be replenished when they deny the wife, mother and sister any interest or participation in the concerns of government, and tell them the social circle only is their sphere? What mind, under such circumstances, can be expected to feel an interest lively enough to incite it to a study that must be forever useless, and at the same time endure the ridicule of those who reserve to themselves the sole right of legislation? And how do they legislate, what Colleges or Universities have they endowed for the education of females, or what means of improvement are provided for the greater portion of them, except what the common schools afford? And in even these equal advantages are not allowed them; it is not thought at all necessary to instruct them in the higher branches of Mathematics, or any of the sciences that tend to strengthen the judgment or improve the reasoning faculties. The lighter studies, such as require no effort but that of memory, are frequently all that are permitted to engage in, and works of fiction are allowed to engross their leisure hours. These and the silly gallantries the men are pleased to amuse them with, render them in some instances creatures of imagination and unfit for higher duties. But once open to them the same avenues to improvement the other sex enjoy, and encourage them to arduous study, and if I mistake not there will be found among them minds as comprehensive and judgments as clear as are met with elsewhere.

The assertion, so often made, that woman is physically the weaker sex, requires something more than mere assertion to make it so. There appears but little difference in the strength of children before what is termed their education is commenced. The boy, allowed the full use of his limbs and encouraged to those athletic exercises, so necessary to the full development of muscle and strength of sinew, gains an advantage over the poor little girl, who is scarcely permitted to breathe the fresh air, and compelled to sit for hours at a time at the piano, or employing her needle. No wonder she should lack muscular strength; yet how often do we find these very beings who seem all delicacy and sensibility, bearing up against afflictions that their self-styled protectors would sink under? Who is it that can endure the fatigue and anxiety of watching beside the couch of the sick and the dying; and what is it that gives her that insight into their wants and feelings but the activity of her mind which frequently seems capable of sustaining both itself and the body? In Abolition, Temperance and other Conventions, where ladies have been invited to an equal participation in the business of the meeting, have they abused the liberty, or has any evil resulted? Have they not on many occasions filled the various offices to which they were chosen with honor to themselves and the meeting? If scenes are enacted at political meetings which ladies ought not to witness, is not this a strong argument in favor of electing them to office, in order that such scenes might be at an end? No one supposes that in a country noted throughout the whole civilized world for the defence and respect paid to ladies, any man, however abandoned he may be, would so far forget himself as to be guilty of such acts in their presence, though it must be acknowledged that their presence in the galleries has not always kept our Representatives in Congress quite in their places. Perhaps their votes might leave them at home another time.

The politics of the day has always been a favorite theme for conversation with men, and has often been an inducement to them to collect together in the neighboring store or grogshop to read political papers and talk over their contents. Would not this state of society be improved, if in the domestic circle were found that congeniality and sympathy necessary to the enjoyment of these topics? And would not woman, in her efforts to please and entertain him in whom her happiness is centered, make an effort to improve her mind and elevate her ideas beyond the range of dress and fashion?

Person himself never made a better hit than did the writer of the correspondence between Father Ritchie and Barnum on the First Page. Read and laugh!

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

Andrew Jackson Davis will soon publish the second volume of 'The Great Harmonia.'

Fredrika Bremer is spending a few weeks at Mobile.

The Swiss Government has forwarded a beautiful stone from the Alps to be placed in the Washington Monument.

A State Anti-Fugitive law Convention was to have been held at Winthrop, Me., on Wednesday last.

Fifteen States have adopted the measure of Homestead Exemption, and others will no doubt follow the example.

A Stockholm paper announces that Jenny Lind had sent to that city twenty thousand dollars, to be distributed among the poor.

A railroad from Sandusky City to Toledo, through Ottawa County, is in contemplation. The route is very favorable.

Sir David Brewster, the eminent Scotch savant, has given in his adhesion to what is called Electro-Biology.

The French Ministry recently resigned in a body, and the President encountered great difficulty in forming a new Cabinet.

Judson Hutchinson has so far recovered from his mental aberration as to be able to sing in public, and the 'Family' are now giving Concerts in Boston.

A schoolmaster named Morrow was brutally murdered in Wayne Township, Clermont Co., recently, by the elder brother of a scholar whom he had punished.

The Portland (Me.) Inquirer speaks very highly of Parker Pillsbury's lecture on the French Revolution of 1793, lately delivered in that city.

The Ashtabula Sentinel of Jan. 25 says the lake was clear of ice as far as could be seen from that harbor, and that the steamer Hendrick Hudson had passed up from Buffalo.

The steamer Atlantic, which has been out some 35 days, had not been heard from at New York at our last advices. There are fears for her safety.

The New York 'Union Committee' are said to be expending large sums of money in distributing the sermons of celebrated Divines in favor of the Fugitive law.

A writer in the New York Journal of Commerce pronounces Gov. Seward 'the most potent man, at this moment, of all the public men of this country.' He is a man, says the same writer, who will 'stand up to his principles.'

Mr. Bancroft, the Historian, has estimated that at least one-third of the white population of the United States are directly descended from the twenty-two thousand Puritan emigrants who first settled New England.

Mrs. Cox has been lecturing on the subject of Woman's Rights and Duties during the present week in Cleveland. The Michigan papers speak of her and her lectures in very high terms. We wish she would come to Salem.

The Northern Whigs are in utter despair of effecting any alteration of the Tariff in the present Congress. This is the 'reward of merit' which their Southern brethren give them for their subservience to slavery. We hope they will appreciate it!

The Virginia Legislature, on the 18th ult., indefinitely postponed resolutions containing the declaration that the State would insist on the faithful observance of the Compromise, in all its parts.

The Judiciary Committee of the Pennsylvania Senate have reported against the passage of a bill to repeal the Anti-Kidnapping law of that State. The Senate refused to proceed to the consideration of the subject by a vote of 17 to 15.

In Canada, women have been admitted, by an act of the local Parliament, to some of the franchises. In Toronto recently, according to a correspondent of The Tribune, at the election of School Trustees, several women exercised their right to vote.

The Cape Town (South Africa) Mail hazards the prediction, that, before another quarter of a century shall have elapsed, the whole interior of South Africa, to the Equator, will be occupied by civilized communities of the European race, and probably under the dominion of Great Britain.

Henry Ward Beecher has been lecturing and preaching lately in several places in Massachusetts. In one of his lectures on the subject of 'Character,' he spoke with great energy against their presence in the galleries has not always kept our Representatives in Congress quite in their places. Perhaps their votes might leave them at home another time.

Not long since, a Slaveholder named Rose, from Wellsburg, Va., went to Pittsburgh, where he recognised a mulatto boy, an apprentice for the last two years to Mr. J. B. Vashon, as his slave, and claimed him. Rather than consign the child to bondage, Mr. V. by means of his own and the contributions of others, paid the owner \$200, and the boy was set free.

Mr. Chaplin, in his Boston speech, said he thought what was called 'Negro Stealing' was the most effective mode of promoting the abolition of slavery. It created discussion and brought the truth to bear when nothing else could. A score of abolitionists in the jails of Maryland, for 'negro-stealing' could make an end of slavery in that State. This may be true, but still, we have a decided objection to being one of that 'score.'

Another beautiful poem from the favorite 'C. L. M.'

Twilight Musings.

But a few short days ago, love,
The Earth was bright with flowers,
And the wild birds caroled merrily
Amid the forest bowers;
But now the dead leaves strew the ground,
The branches all are bare;
And the mournful winds sigh through them,
Like the wailings of despair.

But a few short days ago, love,
Our hearts were full of joy;
They made the bright hours brighter seem—
Our lovely girl and boy;
But now we miss one cherub face,
That on us sweetly smiled;
For he sleeps beneath the cold, cold sod,
Our youngest darling child.

O, he was lovelier to us
Than Summer's brightest flowers;
And blither than the birds that sing
Amid her leafy bowers.
Like some seraphic spirit sent
From realms of cloudless joy,
A messenger of love and peace,
So seemed our angel-boy.

As flows between its flowery banks
A gaily prattling stream,
So glided on his happy days
Just like a pleasant dream;
But all too soon for our poor hearts
His voyage of life was o'er—
We trust his little bark is moored
Upon a brighter shore.

We had gazed upon this world, love,
With sudden'd spirits long,
And mourned to see the poor and weak
Crushed by the grand and strong;
And we had hoped in after days
Our darling son should be
An earnest toiler for the reign
Of Heaven-born liberty.

We mark'd his clear and radiant eye,
His pure and lofty brow,
Our hearts were full of sunny hopes—
Where are those bright hopes now?
They have passed away forever,
Like some fair, tender flower,
That opens with the morning light,
But withers in an hour.

Full many a golden Summer, love,
Has brought us happy hours,
Blossoms and birds, and sunny skies,
And hopes, more bright than flowers;
And soon again she'll deck the earth
As in the days of yore,
But the bliss her welcome presence brought
Will come to us no more.

But we have each other still, love,
And we have another child!
Let us think of other darker woes,
And thus be reconciled;
And if we learn by our sad loss
To feel for others' pain,
More deep and heart-felt sympathy,
He has not lived in vain. C. L. M.

New York--Kidnapping.

Mr. Coffin, member of the New York Legislature from Otsego County, has set all Hunkerdom a-howling by introducing the following bill, the House giving him leave by a vote of 103 to 20. We do not know if it stands any chance of 'passing to be enacted,' but fear it does not.

AN ACT to prevent the arrest or the removal of free citizens of this State beyond its jurisdiction, except for crime.

SEC. 1. Any person who shall arrest or attempt to arrest, or cause to be arrested, or aid in arresting, or attempt to aid in arresting, any free citizen of this State, with intent to have such free citizen removed against his will beyond the jurisdiction of this State, or who shall remove, or aid directly or indirectly, in removing any such citizen against his will beyond the jurisdiction of this State, shall be deemed guilty of kidnapping, and on conviction thereof, shall be punished by imprisonment in the State Prison, for a term not exceeding ten years, and shall also be liable in a civil action to the party arrested, or attempted to be arrested or removed as aforesaid, for the damages sustained by reason of such arrest or removal or attempted arrest or removal as aforesaid.

SEC. 2. Any person who shall have openly and publicly resided in this State for one year preceding such arrest or removal, or attempted arrest or removal as aforesaid, shall in all courts and places be deemed, and held to be, a free citizen of this State, within the true intent and meaning of this Act, until the contrary is proved as provided in the next section.

SEC. 3. On the trial of any indictment found under this act, or of any civil action given by this act, the defendant may prove that the person charged to have been arrested, or removed, or attempted to have been arrested or removed as aforesaid, was not in fact a free citizen entitled to come and reside in this State; and if the jury shall be satisfied thereof they shall acquit the defendant; but no warrant, order, process, or certificate, issued or made by any court or officer, and no ex-parte affidavit, deposition or record, shall be received or admitted in evidence to establish the right to arrest or remove the person charged to have been arrested or removed, or to prove that such person was not a free citizen of this State, within the true intent and meaning of this act.

SEC. 4. Indictments may be found under this act in the county where the offence shall have been committed, or in any county into or through which any free citizen so arrested as aforesaid, shall have been taken or carried.

SEC. 5. This act shall not apply to the case of persons arrested or attempted to be arrested or removed from beyond the jurisdiction of this State, on a charge of treason, felony or other crime, or to cases of the arrest or removal of persons belonging to or employed in the Army or Navy of the United States.

Obituary Notice.

My mother ELIZABETH WALKER, of Pittsburgh, Pa., entered the next sphere of existence on the evening of Sunday, the 12th of the present month, (Jan.) This intelligence reached me yesterday, and though there is something peculiar in the death of a mother—a friend—I felt no pain, no sorrow—I shed no tear; for I am not without hope. The spiritual nature has entered the next sphere. I even rejoice that another loved one is no longer separated from me by the necessities of organization, but can live nearer than ever, casting over me the influence of her exalted spirit, preparing me for nobler deeds, and a purer life. I thank God for a philosophy that makes death no longer feared, that brings the spirit land within our daily view, and binds for ever in eternal oneness the souls of kindred, and perpetuates in purer life our earthly loves. Others of the family weep the loss of the most tender of friends—but we shall meet where all tears are forever wiped away.

Yours,

MICHIGAN.—The Chicago Citizen states that Gen. Cass has positively declined being a candidate for re-election to the U. S. Senate, but we think this must be a mistake. He certainly will not decline unless he fears a defeat, which would no doubt operate disastrously upon his chances for the Presidency. We expect to see him re-elected, and then nominated as the regular Democratic candidate for the White House, with Sam. Houston for Vice President.

MISSOURI.—The long agony is over, and Old Bullion is defeated by the coalition of a portion of the Democrats with the Whigs. The Senator elected in his place is Henry S. Geyer, an eminent Whig lawyer and pro-slavery to the core. Col. Benton, according to the New York Tribune, has already announced himself as a candidate for the House from the St. Louis District in 1852. He has been in the Senate 30 years—longer than any other man has ever served as a member of that body.

THE LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA has voted to send back some resolutions of the Vermont Legislature, on the subject of Peace, with an intimation that until Vermont submits to the Constitution and the Fugitive Slave Law, they wish to have no intercourse with her. The Vermonters must feel bad to find they are not in favor with the baby-stealers and woman-whippers of the Old Dominion.

FASTING AND PRAYER.—The colored clergymen of New York have appointed the first Friday in March as a day of fasting and prayer for the immediate abolition of slavery and its accompanying wickedness. They passed resolutions denouncing the scheme of Colonization and the course of those clergymen who have espoused the cause of the oppressor against the oppressed; and also avowed their purpose to take up contributions for the relief of W. L. Chaplin.

THE WHIG PARTY OF OHIO, if it has not already committed suicide, seems bent upon doing so. It is fast abandoning all its anti-slavery professions and settling down into the same slough with Cass and Fillmore. The Whig members of the Legislature seem to prefer an alliance with the Hunker Democracy rather than act with the Free-soilers. They have been reduced to this degrading position by the action of their party leaders at Washington.

VOICE OF THE FUGITIVE.—Henry Bibb has commenced the publication of his paper, whose prospectus we noticed some weeks ago. It is a sheet of medium size, and makes a good appearance. Semi-monthly, \$1 per annum.—Address the Editor at Detroit.

THE PITTSBURGH VISITOR commences its fourth volume in a new and very comely typographical dress. We are glad to note this evidence of its prosperity, and hope its circulation may be greatly increased.

A Mr. Bryan, of South Carolina, in a pamphlet, styled 'The Rightful Remedy,' mentions the curious fact, probably new to most of our readers, that Georgia was for twenty years not only a free but a white colony. About the year 1732, the trustees for establishing a colony prohibited slavery, under which policy it languished until 1752, when they resigned their charter to the King. In thirty years after the introduction of slave labor there were thirty thousand slaves in the province.

The Washington correspondent of the True Democrat says he is informed by a gentleman from Chester Co., Pa., that since the outrage lately perpetrated there by the U. S. Marshal, 'the colored people have all armed themselves, and hereafter will try the strength of their powder, if any man attempts to arrest them. The fugitives prefer being shot to going South, and feeling that Congress has waged a war upon them, will not hesitate to sell their lives as dearly as possible.'

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent lecture, has this ironical hit at those who are endeavoring to make conscience subordinate to human enactments: 'I feel compelled, young gentlemen, in view of the present state of the Union, to implore you to be on your guard against this dangerous facility. Take milder views of duty, and do not die of too much conscience. After which, it may be well to send a few missionaries to the jungles of South Africa, to entreat the generation of lions not to die of too much abstinence!'

NOVEL SUIT FOR DAMAGES.—A case of some interest was tried recently in the Mobile Circuit Court, in which the owner of slaves sued to recover from the owner of the steam boat Olive the value of his negroes who were killed by the explosion of the boiler of said boat, which explosion, it was alleged, was caused by the negligence of the engineer. The verdict of the jury was for the plaintiff, and the damages were assessed at \$1426.

Kidnapping in Lancaster County, Pa.

SADSBURY TOWNSHIP, 1st Mo. 16, '51.

An outrage occurred in this neighborhood this week which was so shocking that the public should be made acquainted with it.—On Second Day evening, between 7 and 8 o'clock, some one knocked at the door of the house of Marsh Chamberlain, a neighbor of mine, and the answer was given 'come in.' At once about six persons entered and made their way instantly toward a colored man who was sitting by the fire, and who was about putting on his shoes.

Seeing their purpose, he seized a pair of tongs to defend himself, but before he could use them he was knocked down and beaten severely. He was then dragged to the door, the individuals in the meantime beating him most cruelly. He was then gagged to quiet his cries, tied and dragged like a slain beast to a wagon, which was about 100 yards off, in readiness to receive him, and from there he was driven off, as it was afterward ascertained, instantly to the Maryland line, where he was handed over to other parties. The ground over which the man was dragged was deeply marked by his blood.

There was in Marsh Chamberlain's house, at the time the affair occurred, Thomas Pennington, an elderly man, down stairs, and a woman up stairs. As soon as the colored man was knocked down, whether intentionally or not, the light was put out, and what followed was done in comparative darkness. The alarm was given as soon as possible, and a band of colored people, armed with double-barrelled guns, were soon on the ground; but they were a few moments too late, else a scene of slaughter would have probably ensued, more easily imagined than described. They pursued the kidnappers, but did not get on the right track.

It ought to be stated that this band of persons had no warrant or any legal process, nor were they accompanied by any officer. They came from the 'Gap Tavern,' a notorious place in the neighborhood. They were joined by others outside of the house, when they brought the man out. Altogether they were not less than ten or twelve in number. The name of the victim was, I believe, John Williams. I have always regarded him as a free man, and he has been so regarded in the neighborhood, and there is no proof now that he was not.

A month ago a man was carried off from this neighborhood in a way somewhat similar, and last week an attempt was made in this township, near the house of Dr. Duffield; but fortunately, was unsuccessful. The intended victim was attacked while he was at work in a barn, but defended himself with a pitchfork, and drove off his pursuers.—Respectfully yours,—J. W.—Lancaster Union.

A Row in Convention.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 24.

On Friday afternoon, a scene occurred in the Indiana State Convention, not over creditable to that body. The question under consideration was in relation to the appointing of three Commissioners, to review and modify the laws, and reform the mode of practice. Many hard things were said against the legal profession generally; and Mr. Hovey, a delegate from Posey, who is a lawyer, said he could put his finger on three men in the Convention who expected to be appointed Commissioners. Upon which some one called out 'name them,' and a member sitting near Mr. Hovey called out 'Kent.' Mr. Kent then rose, and much excited, called Mr. Hovey a coward. Mr. Hovey advanced to Mr. Kent's seat and struck him a blow in the eye.

Both parties were ordered into custody, and a long explanation took place. Amid the excitement, apologies were made, and by a vote of the Convention, the reporters were directed to smother the whole affair.

'SLAVERY AMONG THE MORMONS.'—We feel it to be our duty to define our position in relation to the subject of Slavery. There are several men in the Valley of the Salt Lake from the Southern States, who have their slaves with them. There is no law in Utah to authorize Slavery, neither any to prohibit it. If the slave is disposed to leave his master, no power exists there, either legal or moral, that will prevent him. But if the slave chooses to remain with his master, none are allowed to interfere between the master and the slave. All the slaves that are there appear to be perfectly contented and satisfied. When a man in the Southern States embraces our faith, and is the owner of slaves, the church says to him, if your slaves wish to remain with you, and to go with you, put them not away; but if they choose to leave you, or are not satisfied to remain with you, it is for you to sell them, or to let them go free, as your own conscience may direct you. The church on this point assumes not the responsibility to direct. The laws of the land recognize Slavery; we do not wish to oppose the laws of the country. If there is sin in selling a slave, let the individual who sells him bear that sin, and not the church. Wisdom and prudence dictate to us this position, and we trust that our position will hereafter be understood.—Frontier Guardian.

A ROW IN A CHURCH AT CHILLICOTHE.—On Sunday last, the members of the German Evangelical Church got by the ears and indulged in a general melee. A man named Zimmermann was badly hurt, and Mrs. Hasse, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Hasse, was maltreated. The Scioto Gazette says that the walls and seats of the church gave unmistakable evidence of a violent and bloody row, and adds, 'we are sure there is not an individual implicated in the difficulty, who does not feel and would not readily avow, that the riot of yesterday occurred from an indulgence in anti-Christian resentments and courses of action. Undoubtedly there were many active participants, (on the Christian Sabbath, in a house consecrated to the service of the Prince of Peace,) in the deplorable fight which resulted in the death of one of their number, and the serious injury of another, and the remembrance of God and man, every recollection of their unholiness proceedings.'—Cleveland Herald, Jan. 10.

Agents for the Bugle.

The following named persons are requested and authorized to act as agents for the Bugle in their respective localities.

Chas. Douglas, Berea, Cuyahoga county, Ohio.

Timothy Woodworth, Litchfield, Medina co., O.

Wm. Payne, Richfield, Summit co., Ohio.

WRITING SCHOOL.

J. W. Walker

WILL REMAIN IN SALEM three weeks longer for the purpose of giving his friends still further opportunity of improving their Penmanship. The utility and importance of the 'Beautiful Art,' is universally acknowledged.

No young man is fitted for all business purposes without possessing a good current Hand Writing. A legible and rapid Chirography is much to be desired by the business man. In a Lady's Education, a neat and fluent style of writing is an accomplishment equally desirable. Feeling grateful for the very liberal patronage thus far received, I hope to meet a goodly number of my young friends at the Writing Rooms, in Mr. McClain's Academy, on Thursday Evening of the present week, January 30th, 1851, at half past 6 o'clock. Married people, and all who wish to improve their writing and secure the Spencerian System, are invited to attend our course of instruction.

Terms for the Term, \$1.50.
I will not receive a large class the coming term, and those attending will receive due aid and assistance. My classes for three weeks past have been the largest ever taught in this Village, numbering in all 127 pupils, and a more agreeable and good humored set of young people cannot be found. Satisfaction warranted to the attentive.
February 1st, 1851.

New Steam Flouring Mill in Salem.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has lately erected a New Steam Grist and Flouring Mill, in the East end of Salem, directly opposite E. Greiner's Hotel, and is now in full operation. He has employed an experienced Miller, and, although not a miller himself, he will always be found somewhere there to see that customers are accommodated, in either Flouring, Grinding Grist or Chopping, as they may desire, and hoping by strict attention and good work to receive a liberal share of their patronage.
GEO. W. ALLISON.

Jan. 4, 1851.

HEAD QUARTERS.

SALEM SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON.

AARON DAY, can at all times be found at his Saloon, over Thomas & Greiner's Store, where he is prepared for 'smooth and easy shaving' shampooing, and hair dressing in the latest and most fashionable styles. (dec. 21.)

SALEM BOOKSTORE!!

BARNABY & WHINERY Dealers in Books, Stationery, &c., North side of Main st., Salem, O.

A general assortment of Literary, Scientific, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books, and school books, kept constantly on hand. Prices reasonable. Terms, CASH.

Salem, Ohio, 1849.

JAMES BARNABY

Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in Cloth

Is just receiving, at his store, North side Main street, Salem, Ohio, a new and elegant assortment of Cloths, Casimires, Vestings, &c., which he is prepared to make up to order, or sell by the yard or pattern, as required. Those wishing to furnish themselves with Dress, Frock, or Sack Coats, Over-Coats, Pantalons, or Waistcoats, will please call, look at his Goods, and if convinced it will be to their interest to do so, leave their measures; and in from one to six days, the clothes shall be ready, and the fit, quality, durability and Cheapness, warranted equal to the very best to be had here or elsewhere, and superior to any that are not the best.

THE TAILORING BUSINESS Carried on as heretofore.
Oct. 26th, 1850.

The Young Abolitionist!

OR Conversations on Slavery—By J. Elizabeth Jones. We have purchased the edition of this book and can supply such as may wish to purchase at wholesale. Those in paper can be sent by mail, price 20 cts., Muslin 25 cts., per copy. J. TRESCHOTT, Co., Also, at D. Anderson's Baptist Book-Store, 34 West 4th St., Cincinnati. August 10, 1850.

Dental Surgery.

J. W. WALKER, would announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all work in the above profession, that may be intrusted to him.
New Lyme, Aug. 17th, 1850.

SEWING SILK.

MERCHANTS, Dealers and others can obtain a good supply of a very superior quality of Sewing Silk, of all degrees and colors, either in packages or 100 Skein Bundles by calling at the SALEM BOOKSTORE, Salem, Ohio. Also PATENT THREAD, Warranted as good and as cheap as the country can produce. We are in the constant receipt of these articles, and for cash will sell them as above stated at the very lowest rates possible.

BARNABY & WHINERY.

June 1, 1850.

JAMES BARNABY,

PLAIN & FASHIONABLE TAILOR!

Cutting done to order, and all work Warranted.

North side, Main Street, two doors East of the Salem Bookstore.

DAVID WOODRUFFE,

Manufacturer of Carriages, Buggies, &c.

A general assortment of carriage constantly on hand, made of the best material and in the newest style. All work warranted. Shop on Main street, S. 42, O.

WM. J. BRIGHT,

Attorney at Law, Hartford, Trumbull Co., O. Prompt attention will be given to collections in Trumbull and adjoining counties.

Nov. 23, '50.

TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS

Pelton's Large Outline Maps.

PERSONS wishing to obtain Pelton's Large Outline Maps—Pelton's Key to do, Nayler's System of Teaching Geography, or Baldwin's Universal Pronouncing Gazetteer, can do so by applying to the subscriber at his residence near Damascus, Columbia Co., O., or at

THE SALEM BOOKSTORE.

Those at a distance can have the Maps or Books forwarded to them by applying by letter to the subscriber at Damascus, Col. Co., O., or to Barnaby & Whinery, Salem, Columbia County, Ohio.

ENOCH WOOLMAN.

Also, for sale at the above named places several Cases of Scientific Apparatus, for Common Schools.

N. W.

Miscellaneous.

Doctor Amesbury.

"I suppose you've heard of him, hain't you?"

"I never have."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. One day I met the Doctor over at Simkins's store, buying groceries. It was awful cold. I felt a little hoarse, and my tongue was somewhat furry; so says I."

"My head feels a little aches like; what do you think I'd better do?"

"Says he, 'Friend S., the best thing you can do, is to go straight home and soak your feet and take a sweat, cause if you don't you might have a fever.'"

"Says I, 'Doctor, I was just thinking a sweat would do me good, and now I guess I'll do it.'"

"So home I went, and drank a bowlful of tansy tea, and if I didn't sweat like a beaver, it's no matter. The next morning my head was as clear as a bell, and I was well again."

"Well, a day or two afterwards I met the Doctor, and says he:

"Neighbor S., I have a small bill against you."

"I looked at him, and says I, 'A bill,' and says he,

"Yes, a bill for advice you know, at Simkins's store the other day."

"What do you think he had charged me? Why one dollar for telling me to go home and take a sweat."

"Well, Doctor, says I, (because I wouldn't appear small, you know), 'it's all right, and I'll bear it in mind.'"

"Well, a few days after, the Doctor was passing by my door in his chair, and some how or other, one of the wheels got a little loose; so says I, 'Doctor, if you don't drive that inchpin in an inch, the wheel might come off.'"

"Says he, 'I thank you,' and he drove in the pin. Well, I went into the house and just made a charge of it. When I met him again I presented him the bill."

"Hailo! what on earth is that?" said he.

"Why that's for advice."

"Advice for what?" says I.

"Why, for driving in your wheel pin; and I have just charged you seven and six."

"Well, says he, 'the difference between your bill and mine is just twenty-five cents.'"

"Well, I'll bear it in mind," says I.

"But the Doctor is as tight as a candle mould, and I guess he's able to bear in mind."

Those Knockings.

"And do you believe in the spirituous knockings?" asked Mrs. Partington, as she leaned forward over the table and bent her eyes upon the individual who had narrated some queer things he had learned in Springfield.

"O, I would like so to have poor Paul come back!"—A gentle rapping upon an old chest in the corner attracted their attention, and the party immediately surrounded it.

"If it is Paul's apprehension," said Mrs. P., "I know he'll answer me, Paul, is that you?"

"Just like him," said she, smiling, "when he was living, he used to be always tapping whenever he had anything in the house to tap, didn't you, Paul?"

"Can't you speak?"

"Does that mean yes or no?"

"Which does it mean?"

"The spirit of the party suggested that the alphabet should be called, which was done."

"Are you in want of anything?"

"Knock. 'What is it?' and the anxious spectators through the medium of the alphabet spelled 'Silur.' It is Paul!"

exclaimed Mrs. Partington, "that's the way he always spelled it. Do you want me to come to you, Paul?"

"The answer came back, 'No, I'm in better company.' The old lady turned away mournfully—there was a sorrow in the wavy lock of gray that straggled beneath her cap border—there was a quaver of grief in the tone that inquired for the scissors—there was a misty vapor upon the glass—there was a dew upon the leaves after a rain—the cap border, like a flag at half-mast, trailed in woe over the ruin of disappointed affection. At that instant the cover of the chest opened, and the head of the protruding, disclosed the secret of the knockings.

"Ah, you rogue," cried she, a smile dispelling all evidence of disorder, "ah, you rogue, was it you? You'll never be a good spirit, I'm afraid, as long as you live, if you go on so. You shouldn't try to frighten people. I knowed it wasn't Paul." It seemed as if a whole basket full of sunshine had been upset in that room, it was so pleasant all the rest of the evening.—*Pathfinder.*

ANOTHER GREAT DISCOVERY—REPORTED!—The Germantown, Pa., Telegraph, says there has been just brought to light, the application of a power, which is to supersede entirely the present steam power of the world! The discovery has been made by an Eastern man, who has completed his models—one of which will be deposited at Washington as soon as patent rights shall be secured in the different European countries. The machinery is entirely perfected—the power is a motive one, and steam has no part in creating it. So simple and economical are the principle and application, that two tons of coal will be sufficient to drive the largest ship-of-the-line around the world! The Telegraph is quite enthusiastic in its predictions. He would be a bold man who in this day of great inventions would say that this thing is impossible!

DIDN'T LIKE THE JEE.—A wealthy, popular, and gay young gentleman once boasted that he could walk home with any one of the members of a certain Division of the Daughters of Temperance, from church; he accordingly, after services were over on the next Sabbath, spread up to a fair damsel, and with a polite bow, tendered his arm.—The young lady, as by instinct, drew back as from a serpent, and exclaimed: "No, sir; I'll never put my arm through another jug handle as long as I live!"

A WISE FOOL.—A buffoon having offended his sovereign, the monarch sentenced him to death. The culprit, in great terror, fell upon his knees, and cried for mercy.

"I will extend you no other mercy," said the monarch, "than permitting you to choose what kind of death you will die."

Decide immediately, for I will be obeyed."

"I adore your clemency," said the crafty jester; "I choose to die of old age."

The Husband's Wisdom.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I never danced, I never sung.
In the days when I was young;
Pierce ambition stirred my blood
To be great, yet to be good;
To captivate the souls of men,
To rule them with my voice or pen,
Upon their minds' blank lines to write
Thoughts of beauty—things of might—
I pined and yearned for power and name,
And thought earth's greatest blessing, fame.

I lived in sadness and unrest,
I knew not what was worst or best;
I had a folly in my brain
That brought me discontent and pain;
I was alone, and stood aloof
On barren summits, pleasure-proof;
On barren summits, pleasure-proof;
Stiff, upgazing, and erect,
Nursing haughty intellect;
Sacrificing—Oh, the sorrow!—
Bright-to-day, for dim to-morrow.

Fame, power, riches, lured me on—
Oh, the madness!—it has gone.
Neither of them I despise,
But view them with serene eyes,
And only ask of pitying fate
The blessings of a medium state;
For I have found that fame and gold
And dominion manifold
Are but other names for care,
Toil, contention and despair.

If they choose to pass my way,
They are welcome—they can stay;
I can reason on their charms,
And be sober in their arms.
If they choose to pass aside,
I'll not grieve, what'er betide.
Though no gray hairs amid the brown
Have warned me that my path goes down,
I've learned a lesson in my prime,
And how to make a friend of Time.

I only ask that Heaven will grant
Sufficient for my modest wants;
—Best gifts that fortune can impart;
The spring-time freshness of the heart,
My joied health, my reason clear,
And, there, true wife—to love me dear.
I have then all—that what care I
For pomp, or power, or luxury?
For niche, or purse, or bubble crown?
Blow by—ye trumpets of renown!

Who'er the happiest man may be,
No envy shall he rouse in me.
Can I not roam in Summer hours
With thee through pathways fringed with flowers?
Can we not sit upon the grass,
And make the happy moments pass
In the endearments of our eyes,
In mute or spoken sympathies,
And live our lives as Nature meant,
Loving—hopeful—and content?

Can we not make each day bestow
A solace for the daily woe?
Can we not find a good in ill?
And weave life's web, though chequered still,
So that the needful warp of Duty
May fit the woof of Joy and Beauty?
Oh, yes!—So, vain Ambition, pass—
I'm somewhat wiser than I was;
I love; I'm happy—go your way!
I lost you on my wedding day.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE BIBLE.—In an article by Dr. Adams in the current number of the Christian Review, we find the following interesting facts:—"Ten times as many Bibles have been printed since eighteen hundred and four, the year when the British and Foreign Bible Society was organized, as existed in all the previous centuries of the world together. This statement is not based on loose conjecture. The library of the late Duke of Sussex, containing a copy of nearly every edition of the Bible since the invention of the art of printing, furnished important data in authenticating this calculation. It is computed that from the time of the Reformation to the organization of the British and Foreign Bible Society, (1804), there were in existence between 3 and 4 millions of Bibles, and these in some forty different languages. Since that time, the beginning of organized effort for the spread of the Scriptures, more than 30,000,000 of Bibles and Testaments have been put in circulation, in more than one hundred and sixty languages; and this in addition to all that has been accomplished by private enterprise. A power press striking off 1500 copies of the New Testament in a single day, is no trifling thing in this world of ours. Fifty years ago the Bible was translated into languages spoken by about two hundred millions. To-day the same book may be read by more than six hundred millions of the earth's population.

A FACT FOR FARMERS.—Dr. R. T. Baldwin has recently made public the result of several years investigation and experiments upon manures and the various ways of fertilizing the soil. He states that the best and speediest way to fertilize any soil, is to cover it over well with straw, bushes or any manure material, so as completely to smother it. The surface of the earth thus being made cool, dark, damp, and close, soon undergoes a chemical process like putrefaction, and becomes highly fertilized. This plan of fertilizing, he says, may be applied with success to any soil whatever, no matter how poor, and the result will be astonishing.

THE GERMAN FUGITIVES in London are described as being in the most deplorable condition; some of them hawk Lucifer matches for a subsistence; and the accounts received from their countrymen who have voluntarily emigrated to Australia, are just as bad. Doctors of philosophy, authors of official, and sons of noble families are glad to work at breaking stones on the road as the best paid description of "unskilled labor," for which alone they are fitted. Two German Barons and an artist (all Berliners) are at present so engaged; another *Fon* is a teacher of a village school; a Hamburg physician has established a milk business; the son of a Berlin manufacturer is a cattle driver.

THE ATTEMPT to introduce the religious element as the root of things, is the nucleus of all the conflicts around us. We are trying to answer the question, shall the great conscience rule all parts of our character or not? Surgery upon the body politic sets the whole land a-howl, and no ether has yet been discovered potent enough to make the patient insensible to the process. Every body admires the fleckered clouds as they sail through the sky sun-gilt, but when they rain, then come curses; so do men greet Truth endeavoring to become concrete.—H. W. Beecher.

A couple of claps were lying in bed the other morning, when a musket was discharged near the house. One of them hunched his fellow, "Gustus! Gustus!"

"What do you war't?" growled the sleepy one.

"What was it banged so?"

"Why, 'twas the day breakin', you coose!" and Gustus rolled over to take another snooze.

The Pacific News states that within the forty-eight hours ending the previous Sunday night, sixty-six ships of vessels entered the Golden Gate from sea.

From the Kalamazoo Gazette.

Lectures on Physiology.

We had the pleasure of listening to the opening lecture of Mrs. J. ELIZABETH JONES, on the above subject, at the Congregational Church, on Monday evening. Mrs. Jones has a most happy faculty of presenting and illustrating her subject, in which she seems to take an interest amounting almost to enthusiasm. Her mission is a noble one. She has come forth to instruct her own sex, particularly, in the knowledge of themselves; and to lay down rules for the preservation of health, and the promotion of happiness. It is a lamentable fact, that the prevailing ignorance among all classes, in relation to the human structure, and the laws of organic life, is hurrying thousands yearly to the grave, and rendering the existence of still greater numbers, wretched and miserable; making life a state of constant penance for the deeds done in the body. Mrs. Jones, although well recommended by eminent Physicians, and the members of her former classes, still carries her own best recommendation with her, which is an extensive knowledge of her subject, with almost unequalled powers of communicating information, and impressing it indelibly upon the understanding. We feel assured she will do great good in our village, having procured a considerable class of intelligent ladies, whose influence in society will hereafter be exerted, intelligently, for the benefit of the right mode of instruction, not only in our schools, but in every household.

Office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, }
MARSHALL, January 3, 1851. }

Mrs. J. ELIZABETH JONES, Madam: I listened with great pleasure to your first lecture upon the important and too much neglected subjects of *Anatomy and Physiology*, and with a view not less of expressing my own gratification at the scientific and able manner in which you treated the general subject, than of affording some testimonial of my high appreciation of the importance of your lectures, among the masses of our people, I have ventured to express to you in this form, my best wishes for your personal success in the cause in which you are engaged.

Above all, not because it is more important perhaps, than the other branches of your subject, do I feel an interest in that part of your course which relates to the *physical education of children*. There lie all our hopes in the future, so far as the full development of our highest state of being is concerned, and if in any way I can aid you, as a public officer, charged with important duties of a kindred character, I shall esteem it a privilege and pleasure to do so. I trust, the people of Michigan, the ladies especially, will not be so neglectful of the most important subject of life, as to lose the benefit, which I am fully satisfied, will be afforded in your lectures, and I further hope, that the study of these subjects may soon form a part of the system of education, as it should do, in all our primary institutions of learning. Wishing you great success in your labors,

I am, Madam, most respectfully your obedient servant,

FRANCIS W. SHEARMAN.

Sup't Pub. Inst.

Benevolence.

BY R. P. SHILLABEAR.

A benevolent man was Absalom Bess—
At each and every tale of distress
He blazed right up like a rocket;
He felt for all who "sought poverty's smart"
Were rated to bear life's roughest part—
He felt for them in his inmost heart,
But never felt in his pocket.

He didn't know rightly what was meant
By the Bible's promise of four hundred per cent.
For charity's donation;
But he acted as if he had a railroad stock
And bonds secure beneath cartily locks
Were better, with pockets brim full of rocks,
Than heavenly speculation.

Yet all said he was an excellent man;
For the poor he'd preach, for the poor he'd plan,
To better them always willing;
But the oldest as if he had heard him pray
And preach for the poor in pitiful way,
Could hardly remember him rightly to say,
Mr. Bess had 'er given a shilling.

Oh, an excellent man was Absalom Bess,
And the world threw up its hands to bless
Whenever his name was mentioned;
But he died one day, he died, and oh!
He went right down to the shades below,
Where all are bound, I fear, to go,
Who are only good intentioned.

THE MISER.—The miser is not a satyr or a hippogriff, but a real existence. He begins by being economical, and ends by becoming a monomaniac. He should be treated medicinally. If an honest commission of lunacy should be faithful to its trust, I think there would be many vacancies among capitalists. But there are other men—the staff of which misers are made—whose life pivots upon gain. Such a man is religious as far as it is economical. He is a lover of art, and will point you to a Guido or Rubens upon his wall, which, the comfortable reflection that he bought it for one-tenth its market value is an ever-changing varnish. He has been cut in marble too at one-third the minimum of the starving sculptor. He estimates the revolutions of empires entirely by their effect upon Harlem stock. He will chaffer with death, and threaten not to go in at Heaven's gate unless at half-price.—H. W. Beecher.

Words are apt to become fetters. Thinking gets adulterated if we do not pour out free words. Whatever lays an embargo on the free thought is wrong. We come to truth by intuition. When measured by tape and yard-stick she becomes mercantile. Never fail to utter a noble sentiment when God gives one.—H. W. Beecher.

A couple of claps were lying in bed the other morning, when a musket was discharged near the house. One of them hunched his fellow, "Gustus! Gustus!"

"What do you war't?" growled the sleepy one.

"What was it banged so?"

"Why, 'twas the day breakin', you coose!" and Gustus rolled over to take another snooze.

The Pacific News states that within the forty-eight hours ending the previous Sunday night, sixty-six ships of vessels entered the Golden Gate from sea.

The Streets of London.

The tramp of the steeds on the silver bit,
As they whirl the rich man's chariot by;
The beggar's whine as he looks at it,—
But it goes too fast for charity;
The trail on the street of the poor man's broom,
That the lady, who walks to her palace home,
On her skirts skirts may catch no dust;
The tread of the business men who must
Count their pence by the paces they take;
The cry of the babe unheard of its mother,
Though it lies on her breast, while she thinks of the other.

Laid yesterday where it will not wake:
The flower-girl's prayer to buy roses and pinks,
Held out in the smoke like stars by day;
The gin door's oath, that hollowly chinks
Guilt upon grief and wrong upon hate:
The cabman's cry to get out of the way;
The dustman's call down the area-grate;
The young maid's jest and the old wife's scold;
The haggard talk of the boys at a stall;
The fight in the street which is backed for gold;
The plea of the lawyer in Westminster hall;
The drop on the stones of the blind man's staff,
As he trades in his own grief's sacredness;
The brother's shriek and the Nevo's laugh;
The hum upon 'Change and the organ's grating.
The grinder's face being nevertheless
The children's hearts are leaping so
At the merry music's winning!
The black-plumed funeral's creeping train,
Long and slow (and yet they will go
As fast as life, though it hurry and strain)
Creeping the populous houses through,
And nodding their plumes, at either side,
At many a house where an infant, new
To the sunshiny world, has just struggled and
cried.

At many a house where sitheth a bride.

Mrs. Browning's Poems.

A Sketch from Life.

Call upon a gentleman at his house, your happiness is the end of his endeavor, and his conscience is ruled by that. Call upon him at his store, and his interest is the end of his endeavor—his conscience is ruled by that. He will make the most he can out of you. Go to him as a friend, and he is all complaisance and genuine kindness. Go to him as a broker, and he will shrewdly mark you out for plunder, as an ox or sheep is marked out into choice pieces in the cook-books. These men have one set of principles for their public, and another for their private life. A lie is gross in private, but will run aground continually. In manufacturing, there is no computing the cheats. Each has his own special woe. We are all to blame for this—all who want something for nothing. We compel the carpenter to build a house worth \$20,000, for \$10,000, or lose the job; and he does it in ways which we find out at our leisure. Men must cheat or starve, and it is easier to do the former than the latter.

Practical commerce, at best, is as cold as a stone. *Business is business.* On Sunday, the exemplary merchant hears from the pulpit, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others," and he says amen to that. On Monday he hears the genius of commerce say "Every man for himself," and he says amen to that. He has one conscience for Sunday, and another conscience for Monday. If said the lecturer, I wished to send consternation along the exchange, and panic to the tables of the money-changers, I would not send war nor pestilence, but I would bring down love's brightest angel, benevolence, before the sweet splendor of whose face the financial men would flee away. Why! the Lord's Prayer would bring down fire from heaven, if answered. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," would be the death knell of all banks and offices—the canons would vomit out its impurity—the slave would go up—the master would go down—the crooked places would be made straight, and the rough places smoothed. Every brick in every wall that had been laid in transgression, and every man driven in sin and every bale and box brought forth in iniquity, would be groined and sigh, how many articles around us would remain silent? How men would shrink and cry out, "art thou come to torment us before the time?" If every article of trade in any store, that was there through wrong were to fly through the air to the place of rightful ownership, what a flight of bullets and boxes and sugar casks would we see! The Lord's Prayer would be very a unsafe prayer to pray if it were answered. But is not the wrong as much here, as if it were thus demonstrated before our eyes?

The lawyer is very often pure in private life. Go to him at home, ask him to lie or cheat for you, and he will scorn you with flaming anger. But go to his office and ask him to do substantially the very things, in the way of business, in your case, and he will do it. Houses have a parlor door, and a cellar door, and so have men. Bring some article to the parlor door which is contraband there, and men say, "What! bring such things here?" (The sin is not in bringing the thing, but in bringing it to the wrong door). Pass it along to the kitchen, and if refused there, roll it into the cellar. Nothing comes amiss there. It is a great art to know the philosophy of getting entrance and selecting entrance at the different doors of a man's heart.—H. W. Beecher's Lecture on Character.—N. Y. Independent.

INFLUENCE is the elegance which men confer to goodness and strength. If a man would be influential, he must seek it within himself. There is no better receipt than Scriptural, "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, &c." When this is thoroughly done, you will have influence whether man will it or not. How many men are taught to be silent, or to be vocal, only upon exact calculation, in order to save their influence; counsel about as sensible as to tell a man to save his shadow! The way to have influence is to be heroic, and not to martyr yourself to that misnamed prudence which is continually dodging between lies and verities, and weighs moral conduct as it weighs pork and butter. If a man is good, he will do good. I do not live in your opinion, but in what I am.—H. W. Beecher.

"Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my boy; what possessed you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Ann Dornay, in 1835, and that isn't mother, for her name was Sally Smith."

New Daily Paper in Boston.

A LARGE number of earnest Friends of Freedom, dissatisfied with the present condition of the Party Press, and desirous of having an organ which shall set forth, temperately but fearlessly, their sentiments and principles, have come forward and contributed, each one his mite, to a Fund for that purpose.

That Fund has been placed in the hands of Trustees who will publish in the City of Boston, on the First Day of January, 1851, a new Daily Paper, to be called

THE COMMONWEALTH,

and continue to publish the same EVERY MORNING, except Sunday.

It will set forth the principles of the FREE SOIL PARTY; but it will be truly A FREE PAPER, and not the bond-servant of any cause, or party, except that of Freedom, Truth, and Humanity.

The POLE STAR toward which it will ever point will be THE RIGHT; but the right of ALL.

It will recognize the obligation of Law, the necessity of Order, and the duty of Peace and Good Will to men.

No pains or expense will be spared to render it a Good Daily Paper; a Commercial, Political, and Literary Paper, worthy the men who create it, and the sentiments which it will represent.

The names of the Editors will be announced hereafter.

The Price of the Daily will be Five Dollars of the Weekly, Two Dollars—always in advance.

Subscriptions and applications for Advertisements received for the present at No. 5 Water Street. Further particulars hereafter.

S. G. HOWE,

WILLIAM JACKSON, Trustees.

F. W. BIRD,

JOHN P. JEWETT,

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

OFFER EXTRAORDINARY!

The high position which SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE has assumed in regard to its literary character, has, we believe, never been questioned. No American, and no European magazine has ever arrayed in its support a more accomplished corps of contributors. Minds of the highest order have, from the first, been employed to write for it. With a view, however, to draw forth for the use of their readers, articles of still greater value, the proprietors have determined, in addition to the present corps, for literary contributions, to offer the sum of

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

FOR TEN FAVORABLE ARTICLES.

To be published monthly till the series is completed. This offer is entirely different from the usual schemes bearing the same name. Those schemes generally propose an apparently high price for a few stories, without putting any limit upon the length, and claiming as gratuitous all that do not gain a prize. Thus they often, under the appearance of liberality, are only lotteries to secure a large amount of matter at a small price.

Thus, also, their proprietors fill out their periodicals from month to month with stories of interminable length, the author who will offer the longest story, being pretty sure to gain the prize. In our plan, on the contrary, the writers are limited as to space, no article being accepted which exceeds a very moderate length. We want the BEST articles, not the longest. Moreover, all the pieces which do not gain a prize are to be returned to the authors, unless otherwise negotiated for. In other words, the publishers offer to pay for each of these special articles the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

The object is to secure, besides the usual variety and excellence of matter, a series of monthly articles entirely superior to any thing heretofore published in the magazines. They have determined to place their magazine, in respect to its literary character, beyond the reach of competition.

The pieces offered in competition must be presented by the first of April, 1851.—They may be tales, essays, or articles of a miscellaneous character, according to the taste or judgment of the writers, but must be on subjects of general interest, must be of a character suited to interest the great mass of readers, must contain something striking and likely to arrest attention, and must, moreover, be of moderate length,—say about six or eight magazine pages.

In selecting from the articles offered, the proprietors will be governed by the decision of a committee of competent and disinterested judges, whose names will be announced in the March number of the Magazine.—The publication of the series will be commenced immediately after the decision of the committee, and each article will be paid for the month upon which it is published.

All contributions intended as prize articles must be marked accordingly, with the name of the author in a sealed envelope, (which will not be opened till the award is determined), and must be addressed, post paid, to

JOHN SARTAIN & Co., Philadelphia.

A Mill Property and Farm for Sale.

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8th mo., 14th, 1850.

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